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LIEUTENANT-GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT.

On the 14th of this month of June the Scott Life-Guard—a volunteer company of this city—celebrate, with appropriate ceremonies, the fiftieth anniversary of General Scott's entrance upon the profession which has made him famous. A set of colors is to be on that day presented to the company; and the members and General Scott's friends will doubtless improve the occasion by recounting the exploits and the glories of the noble old soldier, whose fame was world-wide before most of us who read about him were born.

Fifty years ago, this month, Winfield Scott, then a young lawyer of twenty-two, had returned from South Carolina, where he had proposed to practice law, to his native State, Virginia, and had obtained what had long been the chief object of his ambition—a commission in the army as captain of light-artillery. There were military antecedents in his family. His grandfather had fought at Culloden, and had left his brother dead on that bloody field. The grandson inherited the spirit of the Scottish soldier. He gladly deserted books and briefs, and devoted himself ardently to the study of his new profession.

In 1809 he served at New Orleans. It was here that the use of just, but indiscreet, expressions with regard to the conduct of General Wilkinson, led to his trial by court-martial, and his sentence of suspension from pay and service for twelve months. It proved a happy accident for him. During the year of his suspension he employed his time in active study of the science of war. And when, in 1812, hostilities broke out with Great Britain, he was probably better qualified to discharge the duties of lieutenant-colonel of artillery—to which rank he was promoted at the outbreak of the war—than very many of the officers who were intrusted with important commands.

His first service was at the Battle of Queenstown Heights. The general features of that operation are familiar to all our readers. Suffice it here to say, that had not the New York militia—consisting chiefly of foreigners, who alleged that they were afraid of being apprehended as traitors if they ventured upon British soil—refused, at the most critical moment, to cross over into Canada, the victory would in all probability have rested with the Americans. Fate had willed it otherwise; nothing that General Van Rensselaer could do or say could induce the militia to cross the line; and after a very severe conflict, Scott and his men were compelled to surrender themselves prisoners of war. It was a sad beginning for a soldier's career. Of personal danger Scott had borne more than his share. His uniform and his height had attracted unusual attention from the Indian sharp-shooters, two of whom, after exhausting their ammunition in vain attempts to bring down the tall officer, at length tried to assassinate him in his prison, and were barely foiled by the timely interposition of Captain Coffin, of the British army. The scene between Scott and the Indian assassins is familiar to the public.

As soon as he was exchanged Scott was appointed Adjutant-General and Chief of the Staff on the Northern frontier, under General Dearborn. He soon distinguished himself by the capture of Fort George, an important post, which was taken after a severe fight, during which Scott was badly hurt by a splinter. During the subsequent disgracefully-impotent operations against Kingston and Montreal, Scott commanded the advanced guard; there was not a man in the army who felt more hearty contempt and indignation for the imbecility which rendered the campaign a failure.

Next year he was more fortunate. He took a leading part in the battles of Chippewa and Niagara. The glory of the former victory was, as the commanding officer generously confessed, mainly due to the skill and vigor of General Scott's movements. At the Battle of Niagara, where he had fought with even more than his usual boldness and vigor, he was twice wounded—first, by a spent ball, which bruised him; secondly, by a musket-ball, which passed through his shoulder. It is touching to read the dry, official report, in which General Brown states that, being himself badly wounded and weakened by loss of blood, he had resolved to relinquish the command to General Scott; but finding that he also was disabled, he had staid where he was. Both were carried from the field at the close of the battle. Neither had relinquished his post.

For many years thenceforward General Scott's duties were of the practical kind which does not dazzle the public eye. Peace was declared; and the only function which a General could usefully perform was the training of soldiers for future contests. He spent, accordingly, some time in Europe in acquiring information on military matters; being every where received with honors and civilities. On his return he gave the country the benefit of his observations, and proceeded, in conjunction with the War Department, to devise measures for the reorganization of the United-States army. He wrote his "Military Institutes," which are the text-book of all soldiers in this country, and laid the foundation of that system of military education which now supplies this country with a staff of properly-educated officers, ready at any moment to take the command of troops. He was of service during several brief Indian contests in the Northwest; and during the prevalence of cholera in the country, he set his officers a noble example of calm courage and devotion to duty by exposing himself constantly to the contagion in attending his dying troops.

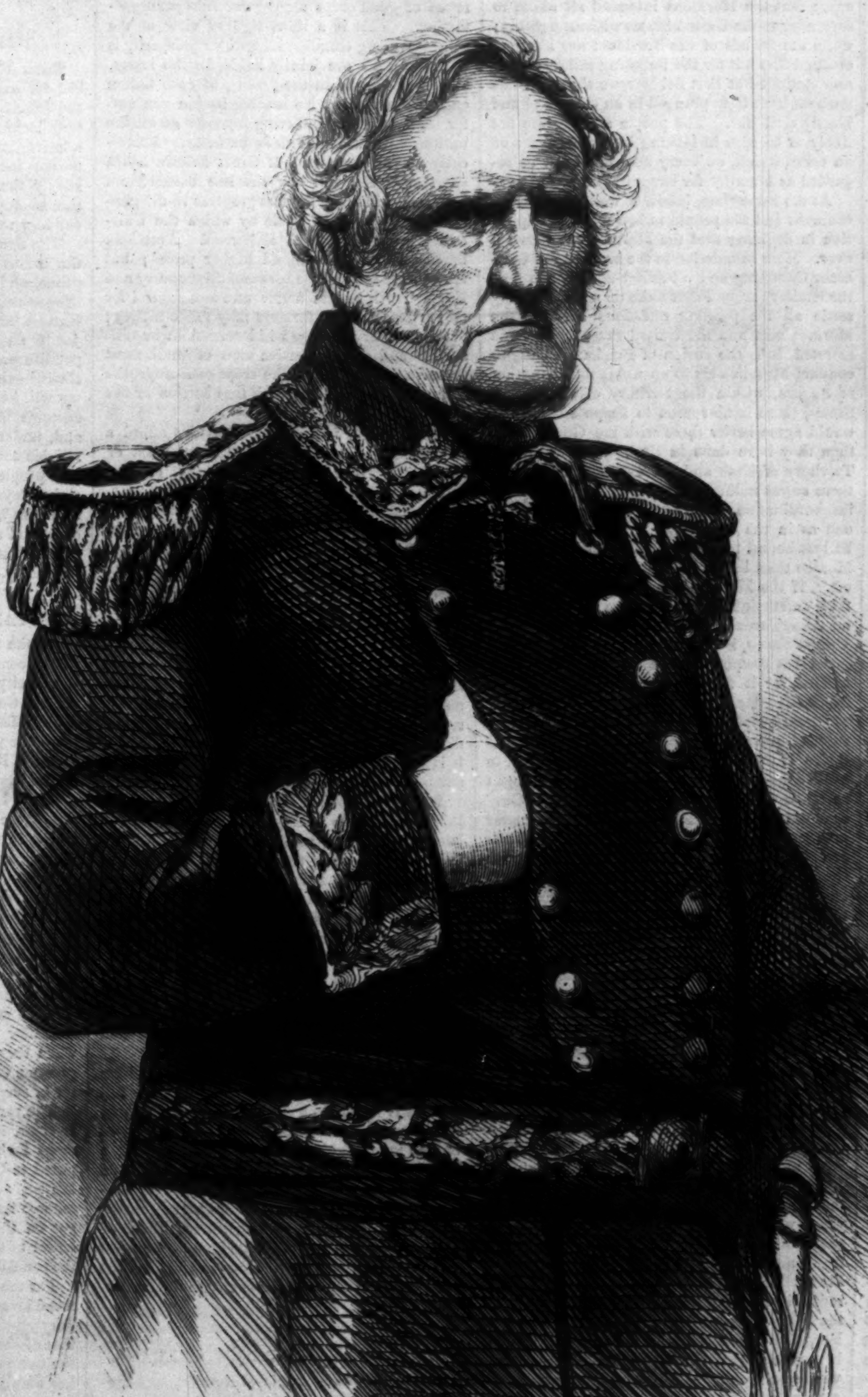
But General Scott's greatest services during the period of fortunate tranquillity which intervened between the close of the last British and the outbreak of the Mexican war, were as peacemaker. It was he who, when the unfortunate Nullification controversy threatened to cause a civil war between South Carolina and her sister States, was dispatched to Charleston to prepare for the worst, but to try to avert the greatest of all calamities—a disruption of the Union. It is not too much to say, that to his firmness and skill in providing for every contingency, and to the conciliatory demeanor and exquisite tact which he displayed in his dealings with the nullifiers, the happy settlement of the controversy is in great measure due.

It was he again who, when the Canadian rebellion so sorely tempted the ardent youth of our Northern States to invade the neighboring British provinces, and assist in the overthrow of the colonial despotism, was intrusted with the difficult duty of keeping the peace and enforcing the neutrality laws. How admirably he fulfilled this duty—how he planted himself alone and unarmed in the midst of the "sympathizers," and told them that they could only cross the line over his body—how largely his exertions availed to avert the probable war with Great Britain, every school-boy knows.

It was he again who was ordered to the frontier when the Boundary dispute between Maine and the British colonies again threatened a rupture of the peace. He conferred with both sides; and, in the large spirit of a statesman and a philosopher, succeeded in persuading individuals who had been ready to draw the sword on each other before he came, to agree to a compromise which ultimately led to a settlement of the dispute.

It seemed now that Scott could add nothing to his fame. He had proved himself a skillful general, a gallant soldier, a sound statesman, a judicious negotiator; he stood already on a par with the greatest men of whom the nation can boast. What could he achieve more? He might safely have retired to the shade of his own vine and fig-tree, and left the care of his fame to the future historian of his country.

Fortune did not grant him so idle a close to his eventful career. War broke out with Mexico, and it being obvious that the Mexicans would not yield till they had been thoroughly



LIEUTENANT-GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

beaten, General Scott was deputed to perform the painful but necessary task. He took a small army, a large portion of which consisted of raw levies, and, at their head, marched unhesitatingly from the principal sea-port to the capital of Mexico. He was opposed with vigor, resolution, and occasionally with courage. He fought successively six battles, won them all, and achieved the purpose for which he had left his country in less time than the most sanguine of his friends had anticipated. On him, at length, devolved the crowning glory of a victorious general—the conclusion of a peace honorable alike to victors and vanquished—a peace by which the United States forever put an end to the prospect of further wars on this continent, and which—wonderful to say—cost Mexico neither honor nor money.

From the hour of General Scott's return home to the present time, he has been unremittingly engaged in the prosecution of his duties as Commander-in-Chief of the army. He perseveres, old as he is, in the performance of his official duties with the strict minuteness which he expects of his subordinates; by him nothing is ever left undone, nothing postponed to the morrow. Kind and forgiving by disposition, he is officially a rigid disciplinarian, never willing to forgive neglect of duty, or to overlook the rules of the service.

In the year 1852, the late Whig party found no man so suitable for their purpose of running a Presidential candidate as General Scott. The selection did honor to their judgment. It may be regretted that the General did not show as much sagacity as they; had he done so, he would have declined the nomination, and would have spared himself the only great defeat he ever suffered. The contest, however, developed the feeling entertained by the people for General Scott. The very men who, fearing the machinations of the persons who were supposed to stand behind General Scott, opposed his election most strenuously, were also the most energetic in their laudations of his military and public qualities and his private virtues, as soon as the contest was over. It is not likely, at this time, that he envies his successful competitor of 1852.

General Scott lately received from Congress an honor which has been paid to no man save himself since Washington's time. He was created Lieutenant-General of the United States army.

General Scott married, forty-one years ago, Miss Mayo, of Richmond, Virginia. By her he has had several daughters, but no son. When he dies, his great name will die with him.

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PEACE WITH ENGLAND.

THE war-makers are entitled to public sympathy. The British Admiral on the West India Station—the same official, by-the-way, who took our suffering seamen into his hospitals and risked the lives of his men in order to relieve our *Susquehanna*—has, without waiting to communicate with the home authorities, promptly disavowed the action of the gun-boats on the coast of Cuba, and given assurances of prompt redress from his Government for the outrages which have aroused so much feeling on this side of the ocean. No sensible person doubts that the Admiral will be sustained by his Government. It appears that no orders have been given to the British cruisers since 1849, and therefore the action of the gun-boats must have been spontaneous on the part of their officers, who, perhaps, wanted to earn a little notoriety by a departure from routine.

This ends the talk about war. Not even the most belligerent of our politicians can persist in demanding war if the conduct of the gun-boats be disavowed. From the moment that Great Britain offers apologies and reparation their vocation is gone. Even the British subjects, who kindly consent to guide public opinion in this country, must resign themselves to a temporary postponement of their long-sought assaults upon their native land. The trial is severe; let us hope they may find fortitude to bear it.

Now that the immediate peril is past, it is well that measures should be taken to prevent its recurrence. And the first measure that will naturally suggest itself is the abrogation of the Treaty of 1842. That convention was based on error, and the means provided for its execution were impracticable. Daniel Webster, who was the negotiator on behalf of the United States, wrote grand letters denying to Great Britain all right to visit American vessels, while, at the same time, he signed a treaty which could not possibly be executed unless Great Britain did visit American vessels. Furthermore, the aim sought to be attained by the treaty has never been reached. It was to suppress the slave-trade that the treaty was made; it has never contributed in any appreciable degree to the attainment of that result. The only blow that has been dealt to the African slave-trade, since the treaty was made, has been the refusal of Brazil to receive African slaves within its borders; so far as the trade to Cuba is concerned, it has flourished under the treaty as actively as before. If it be the real purpose of the parties to that treaty to suppress the traffic in African slaves, the method is plain—they must operate on the colonial government of Cuba. There exists in that island a police ample and vigilant enough to put down the importation of raw Africans, if the Governor desires to do so. All that is necessary is, that he should be weaned from his present habit of taking bribes to allow slaves to be landed. It is in the power of Great Britain to correct this vicious practice, by enforcing payment of the Spanish bonds for which Cuba is pledged; it is now time for this method to be tried.

The breeze, which is now happily over, has taught another and a painful lesson. It has woefully impaired public confidence in the United States Senate. It was generally believed that that body, which is composed of the *élite* of our political men, the men above all others who are entitled to the designation of American statesmen, could be safely relied upon to act with wisdom, discretion, and prudence, on emergencies of high moment. That belief has been scattered to the winds by the crazy debates which took place on the British outrages. Senators—not of one party, but of all—discussed the question with the temper of bullies and the logic of school-boys. They not only disgraced the body of which they are unfortunately the leaders, but they brought upon the country a humiliation which the thoughtful among us will presently realize. It would be well for the country if the war-debates in the Senate during the past few weeks could be expunged from the Congressional Reports.

THE END OF THE MORMON WAR.

DISPATCHES from Colonel Cumming to the State Department establish beyond controversy the termination of the Mormon controversy by the submission of the Mormons to the authority of the United States Governor. Whether this was the fruit of wholesome reflection on the principles of the case, or the consequence of General Johnston's movements, is hardly worth inquiring. Politicians who desire to make out a case against the Administration will doubtless argue that the Mormons intended all along to surrender to the United States without fighting; while the friends of the President are likely to contend that but for the imposing military force now stationed at Fort Bridger, we should at this moment have been plunged in an expensive and bloody civil war. The people at large are not likely to be nice in looking into the causes of an event which, on every account, must be regarded as a matter for congratulation.

At the same time, it will be well for the Government and the people to beware of precipitation in deciding that the Mormon troubles are over. Mere submission to the authority of Governor Cumming and voluntary abandonment of the territory around Salt Lake do not necessarily settle all the pending questions between the Mormon sect and the United States. If, as is asserted, it be the design of Brigham Young to conduct his followers to an uninhabited portion of Sonora, within the territory of the United States, there is no reason to suppose that they would agree better there with the Government than they have done in Utah—as between the Territory of Utah and the Territory of Sonora there seems nothing to choose. Rebellion and insubordination would be as troublesome in the one as in the other; nor would the President be less bound to quell them on the borders of Mexico than in the heart of the American desert. If the Mormon people, adhering to their faith and their hierarchy, remove to another spot on American soil within the jurisdiction of the United States, it may be boldly asserted that the quarrel is postponed, not adjusted.

And, be it further remarked, wherever the Mormons go, so long as they remove peaceably, the great question of the relations of the United States Government to polygamy remains unsettled. It was hoped by many who were glad to avoid a direct issue on the subject, that the open rebellion of the Mormons would afford the Government an opportunity to settle the matter practically, without raising the question whether or no the United States could interfere with the local institutions of a Territory. Should ex-Governor Young now withdraw peacefully to Sonora or elsewhere, this opportunity will be lost, and the question will remain open to distract future Congresses.

A singular and almost unaccountable indifference to the constitutional and legal bearings of this question has been hitherto displayed by a school of politicians which might have been expected to regard it with earnest attention. Hardly any notice seems to have been taken of the inevitable bearing which any legislation on the subject of polygamy would have on the graver topics of slavery and popular sovereignty. One is at a loss to explain an inattention seemingly amounting to blindness.

Should the Mormons remove, as it is said they propose to do, to the Territory of Sonora, years will probably elapse before they attain sufficient numbers and consequence to attract fresh attention from this part of the world. Meanwhile they will naturally be exposed to revolutionary accidents and to casualties from the filibustering population of our Pacific shores. But, if they safely survive these contingencies, it must be expected that the issue now evaded will, sooner or later, return upon our hands in a more embarrassing shape than ever. Each successive expulsion of the Mormons has been more troublesome than the last. If, in or about the year of grace 1868, the Government of the United States be driven to assail them in Sonora, as it has assailed them in Utah, it must be taken for granted that the operation will be very difficult, expensive, and perhaps bloody. And as no one can tell what shape the other and graver difficulties of our internal politics may have assumed by that time, it may prove a subject of sincere regret that the polygamy trouble had not been settled by the sword, when it was entangled by no analogies or complications, under the presidency of Mr. Buchanan.

THE COMMERCIAL PROSPECT.

THE month of June is now far enough advanced to enable us to decide upon two matters of the first importance to the commercial world—the crops of the year, and the fall trade prospects.

With regard to the former, the accounts are uniformly good. In this country a larger breadth of land than ever has been sown, and the prospect of a corresponding yield is very promising. Nothing but a two months' drought could prevent our harvesting more bushels than ever before. Abroad, equally favorable reports are current. The season of danger for the harvests in France and England has passed, and nothing has occurred to disappoint the farmers. It is now beyond a doubt that the whole harvest land of Great Britain and France will yield a handsome return to its owners this year. Similar accounts have been received from other producing regions in the Old World. On the whole, the news justifies the expectation of even a larger product of food than was yielded in the bountiful year 1857.

There are those who suppose that intelligence of a full crop in Europe is bad news for the United States. They see that flour and grain rise in price in this country when the crops fail abroad, and they therefore deplore the occurrence of good crops among our European customers. This is a short-sighted view of the case. Among commercial nations prosperity is uniform. All are jointly liable for the losses, and joint sharers in the profits, of each nation engaged in trade. No leading nation can suffer injury without inflicting damage on all the nations with which it does business. Practically all are partners. If Great Britain has a short crop, she will buy the less cotton from here, and will make the less progress in the general development of trade by which the United States profit as well as herself. American breadstuffs may command higher prices; but the general intercourse between this country and England will be less active and less gainful for all parties. A few farmers may make money; but the country at large will lose. All who take a large and comprehensive view of trade must perceive that the better the crops of Europe, the better will our trade be with that section of the world.

As to the fall trade, a few statistics afford a safe basis for calculation. Since the 1st of January last our imports at the port of New York have declined, as compared with last year, from $108,000,000 to $54,000,000. Assuming that a corresponding reduction has taken place elsewhere, the country has, from January to May, 1858, taken from foreign nations full $75,000,000 less of foreign merchandise than it did during the like period of last year. By so much is the country poorer of goods. Yet it has rather increased than diminished in population, and as the yield of produce has increased in quantity, the demand for consumption can not have fallen off. Indeed, as, after all, the revulsion of last year sprang from no general disaster, and did not affect the producing classes, it is fair to suppose that the demand for consumption has increased.

When we look at the machinery by which this demand is to be supplied, we find that our banks hold sixty millions of specie, where, this time last year, they held but twenty-five. And their accumulation is on the increase. In New York alone, the chances are that the banks will soon hold forty millions of dollars. At present this enormous accumulation of capital lies idle for the want of commercial activity. Those banks are fortunate which can use their means at an average of five per cent. per annum. Should an active trade arise, employment could readily be found for our capital at not less than the legal rate of discount.

These facts will enable every reader to form his own judgment as to the activity of the fall trade. If with a back country teeming with population and produce, people can be content with half as much foreign merchandise as was taken last year; and if, with the superabundant capital in the banks, and the intense recuperative energy of the mercantile community, the present period of stagnation can continue; then, of course, the fall trade will be no greater than that of the spring. If these things can not be, the result will restore to business circles their wonted activity.

THE ELECTION AT NEW ORLEANS.

THE vote of the people of New Orleans confirms, in the most emphatic manner, the view expressed in these columns last week of the Vigilance Committee. Gerard Stith, the candidate of the party against which the Vigilance Committee was organized, has been elected over the head of the independent or Vigilance candidate—Major Beauregard. The city has relapsed into peace and quietness—the Vigilance movement has subsided, leaving a dozen or more of its leaders to the tender mercies of the law.

It is urged that many of the Vigilance Committee men voted for Gerard Stith. If this be so, they must have had singularly little faith in their own movement. Major Beauregard was notoriously the Vigilance candidate, on no-party grounds. Why should any Vigilance man oppose him, and vote for the candidate of the very party against which he was in arms? The idea lacks plausibility. Again, it is said that the Vigilance Committee would have been successful but for the popular suspicion that they were working in the interests of a gentleman who seems to be peculiarly unpopular at New Orleans at the present time—Senator John Slidell. It is conceding no slight consequence to Senator Slidell to presume that the bare suspicion of his sympathy suffices to defeat a movement so serious that responsible men rose in arms in its support. If the mere apprehension—which, by-the-way, was strenuously denied—that Senator Slidell was with the Vigilance Committee, sufficed to defeat the aims of that body, what must be the fate of any party with which he is openly affiliated?

It may be assumed by disinterested spectators of the affair, that these explanations of the defeat of the movement are more ingenious than just. Viewing the affair without bias, one is irresistibly led to the conclusion that the people of New Orleans voted against the Vigilance Committee's candidate because he was the candidate of disorder and riot, and sustained Mr. Stith, not because he was a Know Nothing, but because he was the champion of law and order. In this view, the result is comforting to the friends of popular institutions.

THE NATIONAL FINANCES.

BOTH Houses of Congress have passed the bill for another twenty million loan to supply the deficiency in the public revenue, and it now only lacks the President's signature to become a law. It is not certain that even this addition to the twenty millions already borrowed will supply the wants of the Government. Until the Appropriation Bills pass, it is impossible to say how much or how little will be wanted.

The newspapers are making an outcry against the borrowing of so much money in time of peace, and at a moment above all others when the settlement of the disputes with the Mormons, Kansas, and Central America, might seem to justify an expectation of reduced national expenditure. But the Government's reply is conclusive—the money must be had, or the country will become bankrupt, for the income from customs has fallen away to a nominal figure, and, under the present system, this is the only reliable source of revenue. The fact ought to lead people to consider more seriously the financial policy of the Government in raising almost its entire income by customs duties. The inequality of such indirect taxation was long since demonstrated. We are now perceiving its unreliability.

TAMPERING WITH JURIES.

ON the third trial of Cancemi for the murder of policeman Anderson, which is now pending in this city, a witness testified that he had been offered three thousand dollars, by one of the counsel for the defense, to abscond, so as to deprive the prosecution of the benefit of his evidence. He further swore that the solicitations of the lawyer were likewise pressed on his acceptance by a person named Muller, who, at the time these revelations were made, was actually sitting in the jury-box as a juror on the trial of the culprit.

The fact speaks volumes for the degradation of criminal justice in this city. It sheds a flood of light on the repeated failures which have occurred in the prosecution of notorious criminals by reason of disagreement among the jurors. It is made plain by this late experience, and by the similar scandal on the trial of Graham for the murder of Loring, that criminals can somehow contrive to get a friend on the jury when they choose. And that juries will disagree, under such circumstances, can be no matter of surprise to any one.

The remedy for such disgraceful occurrences is clear. The law provides a specific punishment for such offenses as those which are imputed to Cancemi's counsel and the juryman, Muller. It is the duty of the public officer to enforce its application. If Muller contrived to get on the panel in an irregular manner, the officer of the court on whom the composition of the panel devolves likewise deserves punishment.

For the rest, the surest plan of defeating such mischievous devices in future, is to alter the jury system so as to assimilate the practice to that of the French, and to give to a majority of the twelve the power of convicting. Experience has amply demonstrated the fallacy of the humane rule of the English and American law, which requires unanimity on the part of the twelve jurors to convict. Whether the public mind is prepared for a change is not certain. But it is made surer every day that we shall come to that at last.

THE LOUNGER.

THE WARS.

THE country breathes again. Even the laziest lounger enjoys the reprieve. The wars are over. We have exterminated the Mormons, and swept the British from the sea.

At least, that is what we should have done. But ours were most summer wars. The Mormons invited our Governor into their city; the English naval authorities disclaimed the acts over which the public mind grew hot and our excellent Senators belligerent. In fact, these rumors of aggression are very heady stuff. So far as now appears, there had been no fresh orders from England, and the fiery little *Styx* was plunging about upon her own responsibility. But the difficulty remains, and might as well be settled now as at some other time. In fact, dangerous differences should rather be arranged between nations in moments of the greatest amity: and this chief quarrel with England might be finally disposed of simultaneously with the laying of the Atlantic telegraph.

War, in any case, is a dismal misfortune to befall a country. It must sometimes be, to avoid direr calamity. But it is the resource of blowing up a building to prevent the spread of a fire. It is the burning of the prairie to limit burning. The present generation in this country knows war only by name. Even those who remember distinctly the last war remember it as a sea-fight. The horrors were not forced upon private homes, except where a friend fell upon his ship. The country was not devastated; every possible pursuit was not interrupted; constant massacres did not occur; all the dreadful detail of war was unknown. So the Mexican war was not of a character or extent to emphasize the real tragedy. It was a kind of belligerent picnic. Sharp and desperate battles were fought, and brave men fell; and the black cloud hangs to-day over many a home—but its woes were single and external. The whole country did not actively share and suffer.

But it must do so in case of any war with a great Power. And while every man knows that the occasion may arise, and that no infringement of the great principle of absolute national independence by any other nation can be allowed—let us, while we are ready for a war, only keep ourselves in condition to defend all the rights we justly claim, and defend them, leaving to other Powers the ugly declaration of war.

HISTRIONIC.

ON a stormy evening of two winters ago, two persons might have been seen (not on horseback) hurrying along Broadway to Wallack's theatre. It was Saturday evening, and a first appearance—but the house was not full. The two friends had seen in Western and Californian newspapers some account of the *débutante*, and were curious to see, not only the player, but the play. The play itself was famous in Paris, and had made a reputation for the actress who personated the heroine. It was founded upon a novel describing a very melancholy career—a novel which no young woman who is not judicious should ever read, but which had also made a reputation for the author, and had been the most popular story of recent times in Paris.

The *débutante* at Wallack's produced what is called an immense sensation. Her acting was in many points new in character to a New York audience, for it was an exaggeration of the realism of the modern French school. On the other hand, it had the traditional declamation and exaggerated unreality of the stilted English style. In points of manner and in the representation of physical emotion, especially extreme suffering, there was the closest imitation of Nature. In the expression of high passion and strong feeling of the finer kind, there was not Nature, but the substitute provided by theatrical tradition. Part of the unusual interest, also, was due to the peculiar character of the play. Most of the audience probably did not understand the character of the heroine—for we have not exactly that class of heroines in this country—and there was a fascinating audacity in the representation of such people and the incidents of their daily life. The character of the piece and the quality of the player were evident when it was found that the culminating point of interest and action was the death of the heroine by consumption.

The salvo of praise that saluted the *débutante* on Monday morning was sweet enough, there is no question. Have we a Rachel among us? people asked, in delighted doubt. Shall we say Rachel, Heron, and Ristori? demanded enthusiasts and poets. The town was fairly charmed. Places were taken for weeks in advance. The endless repetition of the piece was placarded. The new actress was discussed in clubs, dining-rooms, and offices. Every night the theatre was crowded. Flowers and tears reigned* in the house. Since Jenny Lind—since Fanny Ellsler—since Fanny Kemble—there had been no such sudden and great success. It was touching to think of it. It was curious to speculate whether the actress herself could understand it; whether she had lived in the public breath and eye long enough to know that it is always April weather in the public mind—that only the great evergreens, whom neither Sirius can scorch nor Boreas freeze, stand unaffected in its presence?

After some weeks she tried a new character. The success was only partial. The public clamored for the first; and, unhappily, the favorite herself had apprised them she was mortal, by not triumphing wherever she stood. After many weeks—months, even—her engagement closed. Excitement had waned a little toward the end, but still the houses were large and enthusiastic. She went away; but she had not justified the expectation of her first impressions. She had not advanced from part to part—like a victorious general from point to point—making every thing her own. She had done the best thing first. After a little time she came again. Not much was said. She went; and again returned, with a new part in the old manner—and after two evenings the doors were closed!

The great fault of Miss Heron's acting is the want of intellectual consistency. She takes off her bonnet, and says good-morning, and tosses her head before the glass, exactly as people do in life. But she forgets that the same woman who does all those things does not talk in an artificial tone, and put her tongue upon ponderous stilts, when she is desperately in love or tragically unhappy. Sometimes—but not often, except in the sudden presence of immediate danger—women shriek; and, whatever the mental agony may be, it is seldom manifested by bodily contortions either of frame or voice. If Miss Heron should say to the Lounger that there is no other way of representing violent passion but by violent action, the Lounger would say to Miss Heron that he does not deny it; only she must bring the whole conception into the same key. If she is going to shriek and tear when she is under the influence of strong emotion, then she must make her "good-mornings" and bonnet-tyings conform to the same principle. It may be very true that a painter can not depict sunlight upon his canvas so as to dazzle our eyes as the real light does; but, if he can not, he would certainly produce a poor picture if he painted the grass greener than actual grass.

Miss Heron has adopted the Pre-Raphaelite style of dramatic art. Let her, then, be consistent; and, whether the principles of that art be sound or not, her acting, with her talents, will be a symmetrical specimen of the manner.

MUSIC!

A COMPANY of musicians, with the admirable conductor, Carl Anschütz, as President, are arranging a great musical festival for the end of the month. It is to be in the open air; and there will be plenty of lager, doubtless, pleasant people, and sweet music; and if any body can not suspend the search for happiness under such circumstances, he must be very resolute indeed. What a pity that the Central Park is not yet completed, with all its casinos, its music-halls, and fountains! But we must console ourselves with remembering that all the concerts now given are helping the necessity and the enjoyment of that great work. Every musical note scattered by the orchestra is a seed sown in the popular taste; and when it comes to harvest in a national fondness for music, and all kindred and beautiful arts, the charms of the park itself, and all the esthetic opportunities it will afford, will be a thousand-fold more appreciated.

THE HON. SAM. PICKWICK, M. C.

ELSEWHERE the Lounger has spoken of the recent French duel. But we need not cross the sea to find the field of honor.

When the present Congress opened, there were some signs of some kind of tragedy; but every thing has passed for the present, and it closes, like other heavy dramatic performances, with a farce. It is a farce in two acts. Two Representatives played the first; two Senators the second. Hughes and Harris bluster in the House—challenge—and fizzle. Davis and Benjamin bluster in the Senate—challenge, or don't challenge—and fizzle. Mr. Hughes's friends and Mr. Harris's friends think that Mr. Hughes didn't mean, and that Mr. Harris didn't mean, and are consequently of opinion that they are really very good friends. Mr. Davis acknowledges that he is perhaps dogmatical. Mr. Benjamin has—in fact, without flattery—an admiration for Mr. Davis. So the farce ends, and the actors retire, ready to take part in any new one that may offer.

No one can regret the termination of the play. But are not such plays expensive luxuries to the country? Companies of strolling actors may call themselves "His Majesty's servants," and fatten upon the drippings of the Palace kitchen. But is it a wise economy to convert Congress into a troop of comedians? We might have them elsewhere. Mr. Stuart, for instance, or Mr. Burton, might engage those eminent performers, Davis and Benjamin. But then we should all have the choice of going. We should not be obliged to pay for the sport if we did not share in it. Then Mr. Barnum, who is re-commencing his career, might turn a penny by exhibiting the pistols which were not used by Messrs. Hughes and Harris, in their celebrated affair—the identical ball which did not bereave the country of its Benjamin—a piece of the skin of the knuckle against which Mr. Keitt did stub his eye.

Even as we write there is another act added to the play, in which Mr. Gwin and Mr. Wilson figure. It is not yet determined whether it shall be tragedy or farce.

These are all clever gentlemen, of various sides in politics, and with hosts of political friends. But they have also political opponents. Why should they furnish those opponents with sharp weapons of ridicule?

LANDSEER'S NICK BOTTOM.

THERE is a pretty water-color copy of Landseer's picture of Bottom and Titania now to be seen at Williams & Stephens's. It is a dangerous subject for the pencil. Shakespeare painted the picture for the mind only. The contrast of the lovely fairy Queen and the donkey-headed weaver, steeped in the rare, sweet humor of the play, is not too sharp, is not in the slightest degree repulsive—because so little stress is laid by the imagination upon the actual ass's head. But to paint a man with a donkey's head, and a pretty woman caressing him—*hic labor*, etc. The scene in Shakespeare requires subtle delicacy in treatment, to avoid utterly ruining the exquisite humor of the conceit. Landseer has treated it in a good, honest, Saxon way. His fairies are little human creatures, with gauzy wings. Puck is a pudgy pigmy of a blacksmith. Titania is a London belle. In the copy the half-human, maudlin look of the asinine Bottom is admirably humorous. In fact, the peculiarity of Landseer, in all his pictures of animals, is the human look he gives them—that is to say, the look of their sympathy with humanity. There is a great deal of beauty and interest in the picture; and if you are one of the many thousand who are sure to like it extremely, you can put your name down for a capital engraving of it.

THE FRENCH DUEL.

THAT the army has been supreme in France since the days of the great Napoleon is no news to any student of history. That the great Napoleon commanded the army, and that the army commands the little Napoleon, are equally evident. That French society consists of the army and the people of France is also perfectly apparent. The army serves any government that may happen to exist by adroit fraud, so long as it is itself untouched and paid. It is loyal only to a vague something called the glory of France, of which glory it is itself the only visible manifestation. Its discipline is rigid; its system admirable; its chief officers are brave soldiers and daring leaders, who have risen regularly through the ranks. They are, many of them, rude, ferocious, and uncultivated. Marshal Pelissier is to-day the most conspicuous and the most genuine representative of the glory of France. He could appear in Paris to-morrow and proclaim himself Emperor, and the army, full of *esprit du corps* and French glory, would immediately install him in the Tuileries.

Of course, where an army is supreme, civilization is properly at an end; because military rule is simply a more gorgeous form of original savage force. It is the reign of muscle, not of reason. Nothing can be tolerated except what pleases the whim of the despot. If a man cracks a joke, he does it at the expense of his head. When, therefore, M. de Pène lately made fun of the ideal lieutenant as he appears in society, he was called to account by some small officers. He explained that he meant only to draw a picture suggested by some ridiculous points of some lieutenants. The explanation was not satisfactory. A club of officers conspired to challenge him, one after the other. It is a rule of *Figaro*, the comic journal for which he wrote, that the pen must be promptly supported by the sword of the author, and he accepted the challenge. A little series of duels was arranged. They don't fight Pickwickian duels in France, and the combatants of duel No. 1 met. Pène's adversary was wounded; but as they were leaving the field, satisfied, the second of his adversary said the matter must not end so—could not even wait the arbitrament of duel No. 2, which was already arranged for the next day—and slapped Pène's face. They fought instantly, and Pène fell, dangerously mangled by the sword of his fresh foe.

The whole thing was a conspiracy to murder the author by the army, under the forms of what is ludicrously called the code of honor. And this being fully understood, the civilians in Paris have opened a register of names of people willing to enter into a counter-combination against the army. The whole matter—with all its tragedy—has one good point: it forces upon the cool murder of the dueling system the *reductio ad absurdum*. If every man who is challenged, or who challenges, knows that he is to be fought until he falls by the hand of somebody, the system will, in its most generous application, act upon the friends of the dueler as the Kilkenny cats acted upon each other. There will be only a tale of dueling left.

Its most serious aspect, however, is its revelation of the condition of French society. The arms and the *prestige* are in the hands of the soldiers. Every citizen knows that, upon all subjects which concern the honor of his country or the national life, he speaks at his peril. Yet there are otherwise sensible Americans who speak of Louis Napoleon as the only man for France in this crisis. What do they mean? Suppose he succeeds by this remorseless, bloody suppression of sentiment in preserving an appearance of peace for some years, do they think he will *secure* peace to France? Do we not all know that the next French revolution is a question of time? And can any judicious man call him a skillful or desirable engineer who merely sits on the safety-valve?

MR. WRIGHT RIGHTED.

As the Lounger, some months since, defended our Minister in Prussia for giving a diplomatic dinner, and offering no wine to his guests, upon the ground that, as a temperance man, he could do nothing else, he owes it to his readers, who may have thought Mr. Wright in the wrong, to state that it now appears he did no such thing. The Paris correspondent of the New York *Times* contradicts, "from the word of Mr. Wright himself," the report that he had no wine upon his table on that occasion.

The Lounger's explanation proceeded upon the ground that the Minister probably believed spirituous drinks to be deleterious, and that he could not offer guests what he thought would harm them, whether they thought so or not. The result would seem to show that the Minister's views are less positive upon the point—that he regards it as an open question still; and although he has decided for himself, he will not undertake to decide for other people. The editors who so promptly reviled him might wisely meditate his moderation.

SPORT.

Two or three weeks ago the Lounger was speaking of boxing matches, as unworthy subjects of elaborate reports in decent newspapers. That men will long be found who are willing to pommel each other into jelly is not a matter of doubt: and when men deliberately enter the lists against each other, although it is a disgusting and brutalizing performance and spectacle, yet there are choice and discretion in it, and the cruelty is voluntarily sought and inflicted.

But the case is very different when animals are compelled by men to contend in mortal matches. An ordinary horse-race is not, in itself, a disgusting sight—although its antecedents and incidents are usually mortifying to decent people. But the distances trotted and run are not beyond the probable scope of the strength and training of the animal. No man would hail with delight a tendency in his son to frequent race-courses, but many a man goes often to such places and sees no suffering.

Recently, however, there was a race between two horses in Michigan, which was as inhuman and mean as any bull-baiting in Spain or lion-spearing in old Rome. Two horses were put upon a course to trot twenty miles. One of them came in on the twentieth mile "alone, at a tearing pace." The other broke down on the last mile—dropped into a slow trot—was savagely beaten—dropped into a walk—was still ceaselessly tortured—finally sank upon his knees, and the good Providence which created horses and cares for them as well as jockeys, took care that the poor animal died the next morning.

It was an inhuman outrage, and the decent citizens of Michigan are doubtless ashamed that the name of their State should be associated with any thing so dastardly. There is certainly something dismal in the performances which are called "sport" by people who use the noblest animals as they use dice and cards to win other people's money.

PEACE ON EARTH!

WE believe there has been one capital sermon in pickle for a year: and the chances now are that it will be soon taken out and consumed. That it has been injured in the slightest degree by keeping, we do not believe. For surely the occasion that inspired it is not less majestic this year than it was the last.

It is clear that the enterprise of laying the Atlantic cable will be pursued from year to year until it is accomplished, like the search for the North-west Passage, or the removal of Quarantine from Staten Island. During all this year experiments have been making, and the great trial is about to take place. May the fairest fortune befall! And while upon the surface of the ocean there are gusts of suspicion and jealousy, far below in the calm depths may the hands of the two countries clasp in eternal amity!

A BUTTERFLY VIVARIUM.

THE sticklebacks and sea-anemones are not to have it all their own way, and monopolize the attention of curious observers. A charming little book has just been published in London treating of the Insect Vivarium, or the glass world in which the varieties of insect life may be studied. The frontispiece represents a delightful bower swarming with wingéd splendors. How soon shall we have the novelty here? How many "in ten know what an" Insect "vivaria is?"

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

"CINCINNATI, *June*, 1858.

"MR. LOUNGER,—A friend of mine, who has been gifted with a taste for poetry, has come to the conclusion that he is a poet; to prove which, he recited a few lines of his composition which was intended for some lovely lass. Here they are:

"'Oft when the evening star proclaims that day
Has left our clime, and passed another way,
My memory turns to thee, O! lovely Kate!
And shudders at the thought of destined fate.'

"What the 'destined fate' is I can not tell; but I have given him my opinion flatly, and bet five dollars on the head of it, that there is no poetry in these lines. We await your decision, and have solemnly promised, whatever it may be, to acquiesce in it. Yours,

"JEMMY BLAKE."

—A wise man once said that he did not require sense in the verses of a young poet, only music. If you have the ring, you can get the sense; but though you may have the sense, it will not always jingle. In the case of the present poem, there is this to be said: that it sounds as if it *might* mean something. But there is evidently only one person who can know that, and the Lounger must refer his friend JEMMY to "lovely Kate." Meanwhile, he would venture the remark that philological people would doubtless say, that to speak of "destined fate" is like talking of a slanting slope.

"Can the Lounger inform a young gentleman for whom the moon of this splended June will be the honeymoon, who wrote the amusing papers in *Punch* some three or four years ago, called, 'Our Honeymoon?'"

—The Lounger begs to wish "a young gentleman" the utmost felicity, and to hope that all his married years may be a long succession of honeymoons. He regrets extremely that he can not answer his question. It was generally supposed that Douglas Jerrold was the author of the papers in question. But since his death they are not acknowledged as his. The Lounger appeals to some reader, wiser than he, to answer "a young gentleman."

—"Will the Lounger be so good as explain what he means, when he says, regarding the melancholy demise of Henry William Herbert: 'There is nothing to add but "pray for him"—and that every kind soul will do.' An unsophisticated, uninitiated individual like myself is astonished at hearing such an utterance by the Lounger, and begs respectfully to inquire *cui bono?* And whether it does not savor a little too much of the Vatican to sound orthodox to the ears of a

"PROTESTANT?"

—The Lounger can not, of course, entertain a theological discussion; but a PROTESTANT may be sure that men often scent a doctrine when only a feeling was expressed. The words used by the Lounger were simply expressive of kindly feeling in reference rather to those who remain than to the unfortunate suicide—that they should think of him as tenderly as they could. The sectarian dogma of prayers for the dead was not at all in the intention of the Lounger, who is quite as good a Protestant, doubtless, as his correspondent. Therefore he ventures the more plainly to suggest to him whether it is not much wiser for every man to consider whether a doctrine savors of truth rather than be troubled about the Vatican? And whether an old question was not asked, in precisely the same spirit, about good out of Nazareth?

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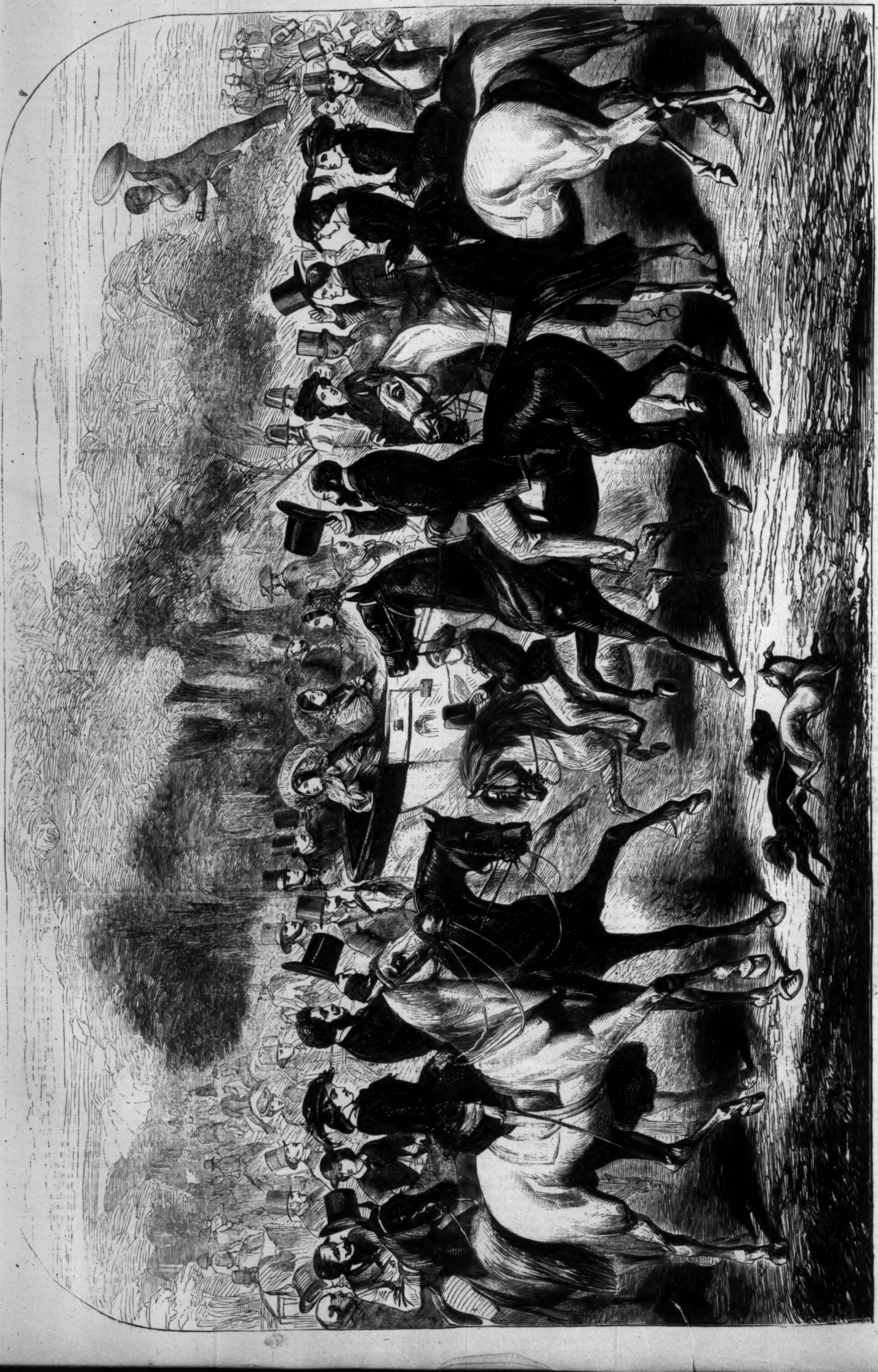
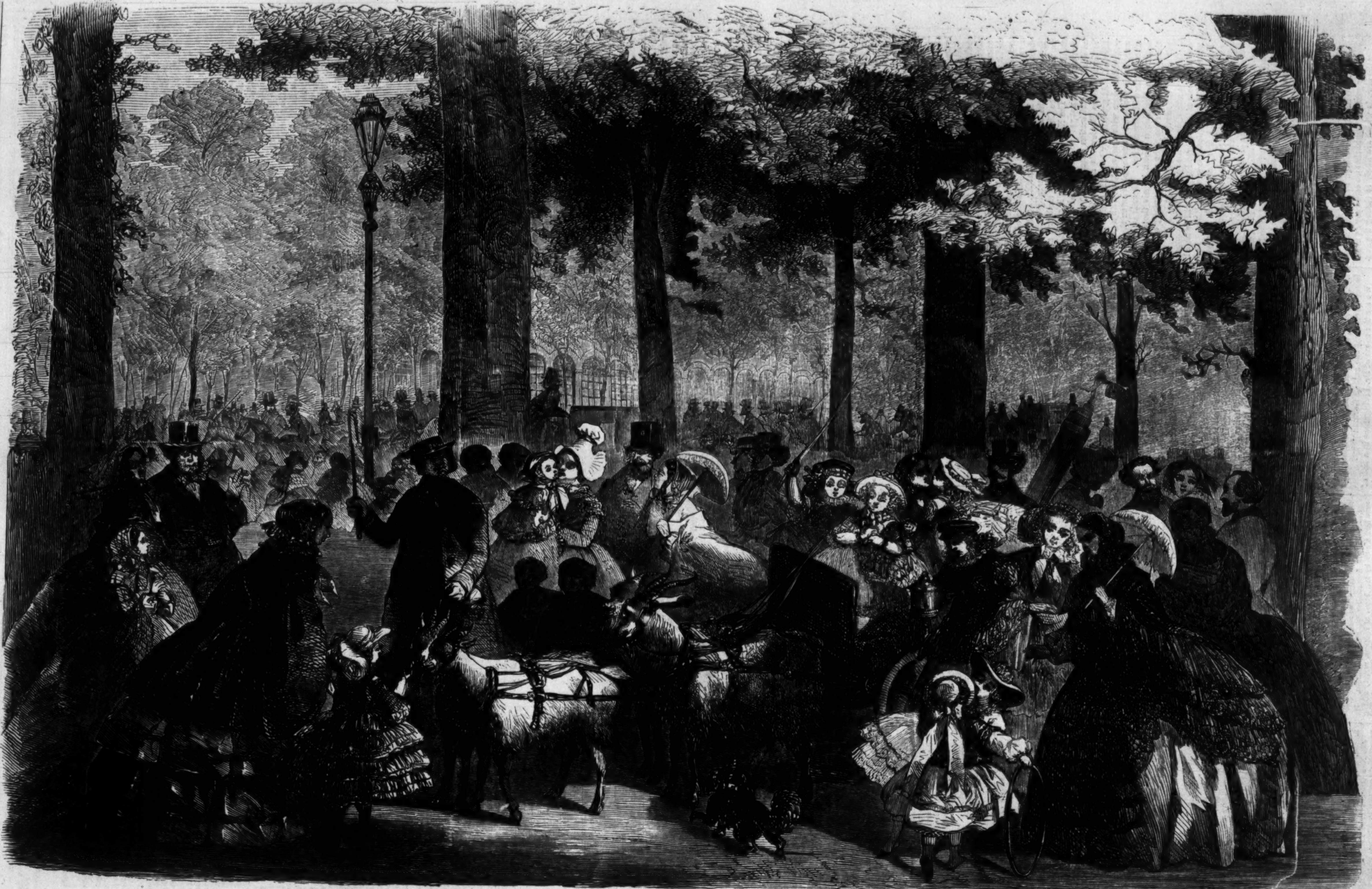
* *Rained?*—ED.



FASHIONABLE PROMENADES OF EUROPE.—ROTTEN ROW, HYDE PARK, LONDON.



FASHIONABLE PROMENADES OF EUROPE.—LONGCHAMPS, CHAMPS ELYSEES, PARIS.

THE FASHIONABLE PROMENADES OF LONDON AND PARIS.

THE chief end of the Central Park, which is about to be laid out at a cost of several millions to the people of New York, is the establishment of a fashionable and healthy promenade ground for the people of New York. At present we have none. Broadway is the only public place where people take the fresh air publicly and the ladies consent to submit their new toilets to public inspection. The necessity of a public park where the fresh air can be breathed, and the eye feasted on green leaves and grassy plots, suggested the opening of the Central Park; it now rests with the Albany-appointed commissioners to fulfill the public desire.

It is well known that the Central Park Commissioners are men of eminent judgment, refined taste, and large experience. It is believed that several of them have walked in foreign parks at least two or three times. It is not therefore for their benefit—for what more can they need?—but for that of the public that we submit herewith two pictures, the one illustrating Rotten Row in Hyde Park, London, the other the grand promenade at Longchamps in the Champs Elysées, Paris.

Our neighbors over the water appreciated the necessity of public promenade grounds at a very early day. We read that the Greeks, in their colonizing age, laid out a promenade ground and a temple before they began to build private dwellings. With equal judgment our ancestors, the English, and their neighbors of France, invariably allotted a large segment of the land inclosed within their city bounds to healthful exercise and cheerful pastime in the open air. In course of time the old parks of both London and Paris made way for dwellings. But the original intent was not forgotten. As fast as one "common" was built upon, another was opened; the progress of building was never suffered to encroach upon the "lungs" of the city. So it happens that in our day these immense cities—London and Paris—have more acres proportionately laid out in gardens and public grounds than any of the small towns of the United States.

Rotten Row, a corruption from an old name which is almost forgotten, is properly that portion of Hyde Park which is allotted to horseback exercise. It is divided by a low railing from the rest of the park. The soil is soft enough to give the horse a pleasant footing, and the trees yield a grateful shade. It is here that the aristocratic flirtations of the British fashionables are carried on. It is here that Pelham shows his new horse, and that the reigning belle of the season tantalizes her crowd of admirers. On fine days, during the season, every person of note may be seen here. Many a match has been contrived in this alley; many a timorous lover has dared to say the momentous word; many a blushing girl has whispered "Yes" under the broad shadow of the trees which shelter this path from the noonday sun. Rotten Row has been the scene of many a strange adventure.

It was here that the fashionable Lord —— lost his lady-love, the heiress of the great Banker ——, a few months since. The lady, as every one knows, was not fascinated by his lordship. Her family insisted, and positively forbade Mr. S——, a young barrister, who had been a faithful admirer of the Banker's daughter for years, to darken their doors. The lawyer, confident of the attachment of the lady, and satisfied that the only thing needed was to get rid of his lordship, chose an opportunity to meet the pair in Rotten Row on a fashionable afternoon, and, mounted on a fiery and powerful animal, fairly charged his rival. Lord —— was no rider; his horse was handsome, but a light animal; the furious lawyer actually rode over him, throwing both him and his horse into the dirt under the shadow of the fence. The insult might have been forgiven but for the air with which the victorious rider dismounted and offered his rival his arm to enable him to rise. This his lordship could not brook; and a sarcastic smile from the lady testifying her appreciation of his sorry plight, he rose, shook the dust from his clothes, and with an oath resigned the course and his lady to his brutal but practical antagonist.

At Longchamps it is not usual for people to ride each other down. When the Prince Bonaparte inadvertently rode over Mr. Scott, the great London tea-merchant, he declared—with perfect truth—that it was entirely a mistake, and with true French tact offered as the most congenial expiation to box a round with poor Mr. Scott on the scene of their encounter. It is not known what Mr. Scott's feelings were on the occasion. Generally speaking, the riding in the Champs Elysées is moderate and rather slow. The New York Rowdy is an institution which has not yet been introduced into Paris; no doubt, as civilization extends, the species will be found on the Boulevards and in the Champs Elysées. At present, any lady who desires to ride out, either alone with a servant, or with a gentleman, need apprehend no rude behavior on the part of those who will surround her. There is an innate delicacy in Frenchmen which impels them to do the right things in the right place; among others, not to play the rowdy at Longchamps.

On a fine afternoon in the season, Longchamps, and the whole of the Champs Elysées, will be found crowded with the fashionable world of Paris. For hours together the ladies exhibit their rainbow colors and the men their horses and horsemanship, mingling in a throng which looks like a state procession, and forms one of the most striking spectacles that meet the eye of strangers. Not a word is said or an act committed which could offend the most fastidious. Good breeding pervades the entire assemblage. People will laugh and enjoy themselves; they will say severely satirical things of each other, and will tell the most cruel stories even of their friends; but outwardly, neither by word nor deed, will any one's feelings be wounded or the most prudish sensitiveness be made to shrink. With all their faults, Frenchmen are essentially gentle; would that we could say as much for the crowds which are likely to throng the avenues of our Central Park!

LITERARY.

MR. LONGFELLOW has a heavy weight on his shoulders. How will he answer to the public and to himself for having set the example to an Englishman who has published a poem on insects, of which here is a specimen? This man, be it understood, is not joking. His book is a serious poem, intended to be "instructive!"

> "Next in order the cockroaches,
> Swarming in our cockney kitchens,
> In the cupboard, in the pantry,
> In the bread-pan, in the meat-safe,
> Every kind of food devouring,
> Every kind of food defiling,
> And most disagreeably smelling,
> Greedy gluttons, eating all things,
> Hiding always in the daytime.
> Hating daylight, hating sunshine,
> Up and eating in the night-time.
> Their antennæ long and tapering,
> Long and thin, and very thread-like,
> Very, very many-jointed,
> Head bent down beneath the thorax,
> Fore wings large, and tough, and leathery,
> Folding over one another,
> Folding over both the hind wings;
> These are folded, too, beneath them,
> And all lying on the body:
> Their legs all alike and simple,
> Formed for running, not for leaping;
> And their feet are all five-jointed—
> Such are cockroaches *Blattina*."

The attention of the public is now called daily to new beauties of the stereoscopic process. This is the latest, as it is the greatest, discovery of art, and we notice with pleasure the prospectus of a stereoscopic magazine, to be issued in London by Mr. Reeve, every number of which will contain three stereographs.

It is not very often that we have to thank the French press for a pleasant addition to our library tables. Gossipy, readable books are not common in France. Long and stupid novels, or ponderous volumes of twaddle, with an occasional valuable addition to the scientific departments, are the usual products of the press of Paris. We find, therefore, more than common pleasure in examining such a book as M. Oscar de Vallée's work, LES MANIEURS D'ARGENT.

The book would be read with interest in America, and we hope to see it translated. The subject is stock-jobbing—a comparison of our own times with the days of Law and the Mississippi bubble, a little more than a hundred years ago. Of course there is much that is flat, and much that is French, in the volume, but there is also much that is world-wide in its value and its interest.

He tells us of the immense fortunes that were made in a few hours by speculators, many of whom were of the poorest classes. One footman, after a happy venture, bought the carriage and establishment of his own master, and driving it to 'Change, left it standing while he went in to buy and sell. On coming out he sprang to the board behind the coach, so accustomed was he to his place, and when the coachman looked back and reminded him that he belonged inside, he muttered an amusing apology that he was only seeing how much room there was, and how many footmen could stand there.

One humpbacked man made 50,000 francs, in the Rue Quincampoix, by hiring out his back for men in the crowd to write and sign papers on! It was said of him by the Abbé Terrasson—

> "Supra dorsum meum fabricaverunt peccatores."

Law was, of course, the King of the Exchange. He was the man of France. *Vive le Roi et M. Law!* was a common cry in the street as he went by. Women, in particular, worshiped him. The passion of French women for stock-gambling is well known, even at this day, to any visitor of the Parisian Bourse. But it then surpassed belief. Noble ladies did not hesitate to ride in the carriage of Law's mistress, by her side. One lady, desirous of a personal interview with the great financier, caused her carriage to be overturned before his door that he might come out to her rescue. Another stopped her equipage before the house where he was at dinner, and cried Fire! till he came out. The book before us abounds in such stories, which are historical. We commend it to French readers.

Among late sales of paintings in London we observe that some pictures brought high prices. The most valuable appear to have been in the collection of the late Mr. Hope. A Claude brought £770; a Holbeina, £1720; a Paul Potter, £804; and, oddest of all, a picture by Teniers, catalogued as "A Man putting on a Shirt," brought £860!

From Ticknor & Fields we have two volumes of QUENTIN DURWARD, in continuation of their elegant household Waverley, of which we have so often spoken. The illustrations are even better than usual, especially the vignette of Quentin saving the life of the King at the boar hunt.

Mr. Duyckinck has written, and the Protestant Episcopal Sunday-school Union have published, a very delightful little book, which we should like to see in every Sunday-school library in the land. It is the LIFE OF GEORGE HERBERT—quaint, glorious old Herbert—who was a blessing to all ages that follow after him. Mr. Duyckinck has executed his work with pure and excellent taste. The book is of a much higher literary class than we are accustomed to find on Sunday-school shelves, and parents will find it instructive and readable. It is especially fit for a summer Sunday morning, when one can be happier and holier for a quiet contemplation of the life of one to whom life was a long Sabbath of calm and purity.

It is not generally known that the name of *Meyerbeer*, the distinguished Jewish composer, is, in fact, Meyer Beer: he has two brothers, one Michael Beer, a dramatist, of Berlin; the other, William Beer, an astronomer of some note. The Rabbi, Moses Beer, some time connected with the Israelite University of Rome, and a noted Hebraist, was, probably, of the same family; the name Beer being an eminent one among German Jews.

We see the name of Dr. Livingstone in a list of proposed new Fellows of the Royal Society. As a proposition by the council is equivalent to an election, and the election was to take place June 3, we presume it is safe to write him down F.R.S.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

POLITICAL.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, 7th June, in the Senate, Senator Hunter introduced a resolution directing the Executive to confine the expenses during the next fiscal year to $64,000,000. Bills were passed (Senator Toombs objecting) granting pensions to Mrs. General Gaines and Mrs. General Jones. The Naval Appropriation Bill was passed after the adoption of certain amendments.——In the House, Mr. Savage explained that the difficulty between Messrs. Harris and Hughes had been settled. The House then went into Committee of the Whole on the Senate's amendments to the Miscellaneous Appropriation Bill; after speeches by Messrs. Taylor, Quitman, Sickles, Maynard, Crawford, Branch, Garnett, and Marshall, the Senate amendment respecting the $750,000 for the completion of the Capitol was agreed to, with the proviso that no portion of the money was to be expended for embellishment. Some other Senate amendments were also agreed to.

On Tuesday, 8th, in the Senate, it was resolved to extend the session to June 14. The credentials of Senators Hunter, Clay, and Brown, for another term of six years, were presented. Senator Bigler introduced a bill to repeal the Telegraph Act of 1857. The Army Appropriation Bill was then taken up, and after various amendments was passed; the sum appropriated being but little short of $17,000,000.——In the House, the Miscellaneous Appropriation Bill was taken up, and after debate by Messrs. Letcher, Pettit, Clemens, Phillips, Mason, Stephens, Smith of Virginia, Taylor, and Reagan, the arrangement with Gales and Seaton for printing the American State papers was agreed to. The House rejected Senate appropriations for Custom-Houses at New Orleans and Charleston. The Willett's Point Investigating Committee then declared that they were unable to agree on a majority report. Four reports have been made—one exculpating the Secretary of War, the other three censuring him more or less directly.

On Wednesday, 9th, in the Senate, explanations were made by Senators Davis and Benjamin in reference to a difficulty which had occurred between them. The Indian Appropriation Bill was passed. So was the Ocean Mail Steamship Appropriation Bill, after debate by Senators Hunter, Yulee, Clingman, Pugh, Seward, King, Toombs, and others; the amount appropriated being about $1,500,000.——In the House, Monday, 14th, was fixed for the adjournment. Ten thousand dollars and a salary of $7500 were appropriated for the Commissioner to Paraguay. On motion of Mr. Bocock, it was decided to build ten steam screw sloops of war. On motion of Mr. Hatch, it was agreed to build four war steamers for the lakes. On motion of Mr. John Cochrane it was agreed to build ten iron screw gun-boats. On motion of Mr. Letcher, the President was authorized to borrow, at not over 6 per cent., $1,900,000 for the construction of these vessels. These motions led to much debate, in which Messrs. Hatch, Keitt, Lovejoy, Garnett, John Cochrane, Grow, Savage, Blair, Clay, Covode, and others took part. The House was discussing the Senate's amendments to the Army Bill when the hour came for adjournment.

On Thursday, 10th, in the Senate, the Indian Appropriation Bill was passed. On motion of Senator Jones, the rate of postage was increased to five cents for letters under 3000 miles, and ten cents over that distance; the vote was 19 to 15. On motion of Senator Pugh, the franking privilege of Members of Congress was abolished by 38 to 4. Some other amendments to the Post-Office Appropriation Bill were carried; after which the Senate discussed the Revenue Appropriation Bill, and adjourned after debate by Senators Wilson, Hunter, Gwin, and others.——In the House, various Senate amendments to the several Appropriation Bills were considered. A presidential Message, covering a dispatch from Governor Cumming, was received.

On Friday, 11th, in the Senate, Committees of Conference were appointed to confer with the Senate on the appropriation bills. The Indiana Senators were confirmed in their seats.——In the House, the Maryland Contested Election case was discussed by Messrs. Harris, Stewart, Quitman, Keitt, Davis, and Burnett. The various appropriation bills and the Senate amendments thereto were discussed at length, and Committees of Conference appointed.

On Saturday, 12th, in the Senate, the Conference Committee's Ocean Mail Steamer Bill was passed. The Conference Committee on the Post-Office Appropriation bill reported that they could not agree. The Fifteen Million Loan Bill, with the House amendment, making it $20,000,000, was agreed to. Senator Bigler vainly endeavored to introduce a resolution to prolong the session. ——In the House, a Message was received from the President, requesting the House not to adjourn till the difficulties of the Treasury were adjusted. The subject of the British aggressions was discussed by Messrs. Burlingame, Kunkel, Jones, Sickles, and Blair. The $20,000,000 Loan Bill was agreed to. So were several bills from the Conference Committees.

THE DAVIS AND BENJAMIN AFFAIR.

On 8th inst., the following dialogue took place in the Senate between Senators Davis and Benjamin:

Mr. Benjamin was speaking on the Army Bill, when Mr. Davis said, "I will correct the Senator, as that seems to be the point of his argument. The Secretary of War does ask money for breech-loading arms, costing from $30,000 to $40,000, and part of this $100,000 is to go in this way, according to his application."

MR. BENJAMIN replied, "I do not understand that the Secretary has asked for any part of this $100,000 to purchase breech-loading fire-arms. If he has, I am very much mistaken."

MR. DAVIS. "Oh, I will state the very simple fact that he asks money to buy breech-loading arms. Whether the $100,000 is to be paid out of the Treasury, I do not know."

To this MR. BENJAMIN replied, "It is very easy for the Senator to give a sneering reply as to what was certainly a very respectful inquiry."

MR. DAVIS. "I consider it as an attempt to misrepresent a very plain remark."

MR. BENJAMIN. "The Senator is mistaken, and has no right to state any such thing. His manner is not agreeable at all."

MR. DAVIS. "If the Senator happens to find it disagreeable, I hope he will keep it to himself."

MR. BENJAMIN. "It was directed to me, and I will not keep it to myself. I will reply to it instanter."

MR. DAVIS. "You have got it, Sir."

MR. BENJAMIN. "That is enough, Sir. I shall not again be diverted from my public duties."

Both Senators have since made explanations.

THE WILSON AND GWIN AFFAIR.

Two days afterward, Mr. Wilson had made a speech in reference to the expenditures of the Government of California. Mr. Gwin, in reply, said that he had heard a great deal of demagogism in connection with the expenditures in California. Mr. Wilson asked if he intended to apply the word demagogism to him. Mr. Gwin declined to explain or reply.

Mr. Wilson said: "The Senator declines to answer. Very well. I say to him that demagogism is better than thieving. I had rather be a demagogue than a thief."

Mr. Gwin inquired if the Senator meant to apply his language to him, or to the officers of the revenue in California.

Mr. Wilson said that he had no explanations to give to the Senator from California.

Mr. Gwin then said: "If the Senator means to apply that term to me, he is a calumniator and a coward."

The President called both gentlemen to order, when Mr. Wilson remarked that what the Senator from California said did not change the record.

Senator Gwin has challenged Senator Wilson. He sent him a note by Mr. Fitch of Indiana, merely asking for a meeting outside the District. Mr. Wilson replied by citing to him his reply to Mr. Brooks, to the effect that dueling was forbidden by the laws and by the matured convictions of his whole life. Mr. Seward and other Senators are striving to arrange the difficulty, and will doubtless succeed.

THE LATEST ABOUT THE BRITISH OUTRAGES.

The Navy Department has received the following letter from Commander Rodgers:

"UNITED STATES STEAMER WATER-WITCH,
KEY WEST, *June* 3, 1858.

"SIR,—I arrived here safely to-day for coal—all well on board. I leave to-morrow for Havana, where I shall find her Britannic Majesty's steamer *Devastation*, which has brought instructions from Admiral Seymour to the cruisers upon the coast of Cuba.

"H. B. M. steam gun-boat *Jasper*, commanded by Lieutenant William H. Pym, came into this harbor this morning in search of the *Styx*, to deliver dispatches from the Admiral. Lieutenant Pym stated to me that his instructions were printed, and were dated, he believed, 1849; that they were, at all events, the instructions he had acted upon on the coast of Africa nine years ago. He said he believed, or rather was sure, no new instructions had been received from the British Government for the guidance of the vessels on the coast of Cuba. He said that the *Creole* was a slaver, and that soon after her capture colors and papers both disappeared, the captain declaring that he was not entitled to American papers or colors. He said that in another case, where he had sent his quartermaster with a spy-glass to ask permission to ascend the mast of the outermost vessel in the harbor of Matanzas, in order to see whether the *Styx* was in sight, the captain said, laughingly, afterward, that he had hoaxed a newspaper writer into the belief that he had been boarded by British filibusters. He asserted that he was sure, upon examination, he would be found to have done no wrong to the American flag. He admitted that, in certain cases, he had fired near vessels to make them show their colors, and asked me if he had been guilty of any wrong in so doing? To this I said that I had no official opinion, but that I thought not. However the law may be in this case, it is held, as far as I know, the usage of the service—itself a law—for men-of-war to show their flags to one another; and it is the general opinion of naval men that merchant vessels, upon neglect or refusal, may be compelled to do it without trenching upon their rights. Lieutenant Pym seemed surprised at the light in which the acts of the British cruisers are regarded by the Government of the United States.

"I have the honor to be your obedient servant,
"JOHN RODGERS, Commander, U.S.N.

"HON. ISAAC TOUCEY, Secretary of the Navy."

GOVERNOR CUMMING AT SALT LAKE CITY.

Dispatches have been received from Governor Cumming at Salt Lake City. He says, after describing his journey to the city: "Ex-Governor Brigham Young paid me a call of ceremony as soon as I was sufficiently relieved from the fatigue of my mountain journey to receive company. In subsequent interviews with the ex-Governor he has evinced a willingness to afford me every facility which I may require for the efficient performance of my administrative duties. His course in this respect meets, I fancy, with the approval of a majority of this community. The Territorial seal, with other public property, has been tendered me by William H. Hooper, Esq., late Acting Secretary *pro tem*."

HIS SPEECH AT THE TABERNACLE.

"My presence at the meeting in the Tabernacle will be remembered by me as an occasion of intense interest. Between three and four thousand persons were assembled for the purpose of public worship; the hall was crowded to overflowing; but the most profound quiet was observed when I appeared. President Brigham Young introduced me by name as the Governor of Utah, and I addressed the audience from 'the stand.' I informed them that I had come among them to vindicate the national sovereignty; that it was my duty to secure the supremacy of the Constitution and the laws; that I had taken my oath of office to exact an unconditional submission on their part to the dictates of the law. I was not interrupted. In a discourse of about thirty minutes' duration I touched (as I thought best) boldly upon all the leading questions at issue between them and the General Government.

"Thus the meeting might have ended. But after closing my remarks, I rose and stated that I would be glad to hear from any who might be inclined to address me upon topics of interest to the community. This invitation brought forth in succession several powerful speakers, who evidently exercised great influence over the masses of the people. They harangued on the subject of the assassination of Joseph Smith, Jun., and his friends; the services rendered by the Mormon battalion to an ungrateful country; their sufferings on the Plains during their dreary pilgrimage to their mountain home, etc. The congregation became greatly excited, and joined the speakers in their intemperate remarks, exhibited more frenzy than I had expected to witness among a people who habitually exercise great self-control. I found the greatest difficulty in explaining matters, so great was the excitement. Eventually, however, the efforts of Brigham Young were successful in calming the tumult and restoring order before the adjournment of the meeting. It is proper that I should add, that more than one speaker has since expressed his regret at having been betrayed into intemperance of language in my presence.

THE COMING EXODUS.

"The people, including the inhabitants of this city, are moving from every settlement in the northern part of the Territory. The roads are every where filled with wagons loaded with provisions and household furniture, the women and children, often without shoes or hats, driving their flocks they know not where. They seem not only resigned, but cheerful. 'It is the will of the Lord,' and they rejoice to exchange the comforts of home for the trials of the wilderness. Their ultimate destination is not, I apprehend, definitely fixed upon. 'Going south' seems sufficiently definite for most of them; but many believe that their ultimate destination is Sonora.

"On the afternoon of Sunday last President Brigham Young is reported to have spoken in the Tabernacle as follows: 'I have a good mind to tell a secret right here; I believe I will tell it anyhow. They say there is a fine country down south there—Sonora is it? Is that your name for it? Do not speak of this out of doors, if you please.'

"Young, Kimball, and most of the influential men, have left their commodious mansions, without apparent regret, to lengthen the long train of wanderers. The masses every where announce to me that the torch will be applied to every house, indiscriminately, throughout the country, so soon as the troops attempt to cross the mountains. I shall follow these people, and endeavor to rally them."

ELECTION AT NEW ORLEANS.

The election at New Orleans went off almost quietly. The American candidate, Gerard Stith, was elected Mayor by some 290 majority. All has been quiet ever since. It is understood that several of the leaders of the Vigilance Committee have been held for trial.

PERSONAL.

General Scott left here on Friday for Washington, having been telegraphed by the President to repair thither with as little delay as possible, business of the most vital importance waiting his presence. The General looks remarkably well. He intended to travel all night.

A famous pair of pistols which belonged to General Putnam, and previously to General Pitcairn, of the British army, are now in possession of Mr. John P. Putnam, of White Creek, Washington County, in this State.

The newly-elected Mayor of New Orleans worked as a journeyman on the *Picayune* when he first went to that city. He learned his trade in Washington, and is connected with some of the "F.F.'s" of Virginia. We hope he will be able to compose the city without the aid of shooting-sticks.

The London *Illustrated Times* says that Lord Edward Cavendish, son of the Duke of Devonshire, and Lord Richard Grosvenor, son of the Marquis of Westminster, were to leave for the United States during the present month, to spend six months in America.

The New Orleans *True Delta* says that matrimonial negotiations are now in progress which will result in the union of the Princess Elizabeth Bowlegs, daughter of the Seminole Chief, Billy Bowlegs, with a young New Yorker.

The miserable death of Dr. J. P. Holmes, the distinguished English physician, who breathed his last in abject poverty at Evansville, Indiana, a few weeks ago, has brought out some interesting statements concerning his previous life. His wife is living in England, and it appears that he attempted to poison her because she refused him money to pay debts contracted by his extravagant habits. She gave him £2000, but he demanded £4000 more, which she refused to pay. She left him, and fled to her mother for protection, but on recovering from a long fit of illness, discovered that the Doctor had gone to the bank with another woman who personated the wife, and had drawn the whole amount standing in her name. With this money he came to this country, but could not be traced further than this city. The next tidings received from him brought intelligence of his death in Evansville, after he had run a short career of headlong dissipation.

A young mechanic in Baltimore has constructed a complete model of Mount Vernon, house, estate, tomb, and all, in wood. It is said to be a curious specimen of the art of carving. It occupies a space of twenty square feet.

The sculptor Barbee has in progress, at his studio in Baltimore, several new marbles, among which are the "Young Republican," "Coquette," "Gratitude," and some busts of prominent men. His "Fisher Girl," commenced in Italy, is nearly finished.

The Cleveland (Ohio) *Plaindealer* says that Mrs. Cunningham Burdell has purchased a farm in Carroll County, about four miles from Carrollton, and about seventy miles from that city. She bought the farm from the heirs of the late Dr. Samuel Sears, paying $5000 down for it, and we understand that she will take immediate possession.

R. H. Hamilton, Esq., who has been United States Consul at Montevideo for a quarter of a century, arrived from Buenos Ayres in the ship *Parana* on Sunday, and has taken rooms at the United States Hotel. Mr. Hamilton is in very feeble health.

The Rev. G. D. Carrow, Methodist Missionary to Buenos Ayres, and family, arrived in the city by ship *Parana* on Sunday. They are at the Prescott House.

The Rev. P. M. Sinding, recently from Denmark, has been appointed Professor of Scandinavian Languages and Literature in the University of New York. We believe this is the first Scandinavian Professorship ever established in this country.

SALE OF MRS. FILLMORE'S CARRIAGE.

When Mr. Fillmore became President, his friends in New York presented to Mrs. Fillmore a splendid carriage and horses, which were used by him and his family until the expiration of his term, when it became a question what should be done with this elegant establishment. Mr. Fillmore's fortune did not justify him in living in a style suitable to such an establishment, nor was it comfortable to his tastes and simple habits, as a private citizen, that he should do so. The articles, too, were of a perishable nature, and must soon disappear; and as he desired to perpetuate the remembrance of so munificent a benefaction, it was concluded to sell the whole and expend the proceeds in the purchase of a set of plate. This was done, and the set, consisting of twelve pieces, was manufactured to order in New York, and numbered from one to twelve, inclusive. The principal article, a server, has the following inscription, and is intended to descend as an heir-loom in his family, as an imperishable record of his gratitude:

The
Carriage and Horses generously presented to
Mrs. Millard Fillmore,
by the
Citizens of New York,
in 1850,
Having been sold in 1858, the proceeds are
Invested in this Set of Plate,
As a Perpetual Memento of Gratitude
To the Donors.

The carriage was sold in this city for $331.

A LONG SWIM.

The *Pennsylvanian* says: "Captain Smith, of the schooner *Sheppard A. Mount*, of Brookhaven, Long Island, which arrived at this port a few days since from St. Barts, with a cargo of pine-apples, reports that on the 20th of May, when one day out from that port, he came on deck at half past eight o'clock A.M., and found that his son, Warren Smith, a lad fourteen years of age, was missing. He immediately ordered that the vessel be searched, but he was not to be found. There was a heavy sea running at the time, and it was blowing a nine-knot breeze. The captain naturally inferred that the boy was overboard. He immediately hauled his vessel on the wind, and beat back on the same track over which he had sailed. Nothing could be seen of him for some time, but at twelve o'clock he was discovered swimming manfully against the billows. At ten minutes past twelve o'clock he was picked up, and the vessel resumed her course for this port. The lad had divested himself of most of his clothing, and alleged that he could have kept himself up for two or three hours longer."

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

PARLIAMENT.

The English Parliament has reassembled.

In the House of Commons, on the 28th of May, the editor of the Carlisle *Examiner*, Mr. Washington Wilkes, was placed at the bar, charged with a breach of the privileges of the House in publishing a libel upon the chairman of one of the Railway Committees. The editor confessed that he was the author of the offensive paragraph, refused to retract it, and was committed to the custody of the Sergeant-at-Arms.

In the House of Commons, on the 1st inst., Mr. Lyndsay asked the Government if it was true that the United States vessels in the Havana or Western coast of Africa trade had been fired into, boarded, searched, or detained by British cruisers; and if so, by what authority, or under whose instructions, did the commanders of those ships so act?

Mr. Fitzgerald said the Government had no official information on the subject, but he had reason to believe the reports had been exaggerated. They were as anxious as the American Government to avoid all cause of complaint, and strict orders had been issued to the officers and the stations to be especially cautious.

INCREASE OF ROYAL FAMILIES.

The London *Court Circular* says that Queen Victoria is in a fair way of making another addition to the royal family before the close of the year.

Her daughter, the Prussian Princess, is expected to present her lord and master with an heir within a few weeks.

IS THE LONDON "TIMES" CORRUPT?

Mr. Disraeli, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, has made a speech to his constituents, in which he says: "The Opposition have succeeded in doing that which no cabal in modern times, I am proud to say, has yet succeeded in accomplishing; they have, in a great degree, corrupted the once pure and independent press of England. Innocent people in the country, who look to the leading articles in the newspapers for advice and direction—who look to what are called leading organs to be the guardians of their privileges and the directors of their political consciences—are not the least aware that because this sort of knowledge travels slowly, that leading organs now are place-hunters of the cabal, and that the once stern guardians of popular rights simper in the enervating atmosphere of gilded saloons. Yes, gentlemen, it is too true that the shepherds who were once the guardians of the flock are now in league with the wolves."

It is understood that the paper alluded to is the *Times*, whose chief owner, Mr. Walter, is said to have been promised a baronetcy by Lord Palmerston, should he again succeed to power.

THE TELEGRAPH FLEET.

The telegraph fleet sailed from Plymouth on the 29th of May, for the coast of Ireland. It is proposed immediately on the completion of laying the present cable, to lay another cable from the head of Placentia Bay, Newfoundland, direct to Portland, Maine, so as to have the advantage of two lines from Newfoundland to the United States, and thereby, in the event of accident to one, prevent any detention of European messages at Newfoundland.

THE HOUSEHOLD OF THE EDITOR OF "HOUSEHOLD WORDS."

The *Herald* correspondent says: "More scandal, not about Queen Elizabeth, but about one of our modern reformers. With 'Don Basilio,' we are off at a tangent into '*La Callumnia*' and '*la verité en même temps*.' Though the 'Household Words' still continues its weekly course, the household of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dickens is at sixes and sevens. There's division 'between my Lord and my Lady,' and '*a mensâ et toro*' is to be the order of the separation. The daughters side with *Pater*, the son with *Mater*. The wife of a certain M.P., who upset Lord Pam and his ministerial-crew, the infatuated correspondent of Orsini, is said to be mixed up in the affair. 'Do as I write, and not as I do,' is evidently the motto of the author of those pretty little and highly moral Christmas books."

HOW TO TAME A ZEBRA.

The *Daily News*, in noticing a lecture delivered by Mr. Rarey, on Monday, the 24th, and the feats in illustration, says: "But the great novelty of the day was the introduction of the zebra of the African desert, the latest pupil in Mr. Rarey's school, and one with which, although he ultimately expects to drive him through Hyde Park, he yet makes his account to have a great deal of trouble. The specimen introduced was the most beautiful four-footed beast we have ever seen, with his perfect symmetry of form, bright glossy coat of the richest cinnamon and deepest black, and a pair of eyes that flashed lurid fire as he made his appearance in the lists. This pupil is still only in the rudiments, and yells out his "Propria quæ maribus" in a most uncivilized manner when politely requested to go through his task. But he does it nevertheless, lies down when he is told—though not with the grace and readiness of his more civilized school-fellows—turns over with a helpless whine of despair and sense of subjugation, and finally admits that even he, the hitherto untamable steed of the desert, has at length found a firm although gentle master. Now, we must confess that when at first we heard that Mr. Rarey was going to introduce a zebra to his pupils, we had a shrewd suspicion that something like a theatrical *coup* was contemplated, and that some venerable 'woolly horse' who had perhaps graduated in a circus, was about to be introduced for the sake of novelty and attraction. But all suspicion of that sort was dispelled when we saw this wild ferocious animal, so beautiful and yet so terrible in its beauty, follow the great horse-tamer reluctantly into the ring. There was positively something unearthly in the scream with which he saluted the company, and the fact of the barricade being only breast high set at least one person who was present about making nervous calculations as to his probable stock of agility. As he lay upon the ground he kept up a low whining soliloquy, which a person acquainted with the Houynhnm language might, no doubt, have translated—'It would give me intense gratification to devour this fellow where he stands, and to kick out the brains of these impertinent lookers-on immediately afterward; but, unfortunately, there is no "justice for zebras" now-a-days, so I have nothing for it but to lie quiet, and to behave myself henceforth and forever like a civilized quadruped and a gentleman.' A strong color of probability was given to this translation by the subsequent conduct of this beautiful and now subdued demon. He retired slowly and with dignity, rather sad than sulky in his deportment, gave only one flying scream as he passed through his stable door, had one gentle nip at the groom who held it open for him, and subsequently permitted a lady of distinction, who was present, to stroke him down as he lay in his stable exhausted after his recent exertions, or, possibly, conning over his lesson against the next instruction day."

PROFESSOR BACHE'S MEDAL.

Sir R. J. Murchison, President of the Royal Geographical Society, corrects an error into which the newspapers fell in regard to the presentation of the Victoria gold medal of the Geographical Society to an American citizen. He says:

"The recipient of the medal is not Professor Packe, but the celebrated American geographer, Alexander Dallas Bache, the author of the great Coast Survey of the United States, nephew of the American Minister to England, and a descendant of Benjamin Franklin."

FRANCE.

THE NEW PARIS CONFERENCES.

The Paris conferences, after a multitude of rumors on the subject, have at length been reopened. Plenipotentiaries of France, Austria, Great Britain, Prussia, Russia, Sardinia, and Turkey met on the 22d, at the Hotel of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, to enter upon the subject of the organization of the Danubian Principalities. The *Indépendance Belge* says that the new conferences will only meet twice a week, and that at the second sitting the members will adjourn to Saturday, to allow Count Walewski and Lord Cowley to accept the Emperor's invitation to pass a few days at Fontainebleau. On Wednesday, the 26th, the plenipotentiaries held their second meeting. *Le Nord* asserts that at the opening of the conference each power maintained its individual views. The first meeting will simply be for the purpose of conferring, in order to establish an account.

THE HOSPITALS TO BE DESPOILED.

The *Moniteur* contains a very important circular from General Espinasse, Minister of the Interior and Public Safety, to the prefects of France, recommending them, in terms which amount to a command, to use "their influence and, if necessary, their authority" to compel the trustees of all the hospitals and charitable foundations in France to sell their real property and invest the proceeds in the public funds. It is expected that the Emperor would thus gain 500,000,000 francs.

THE MURDER OF M. DE PENE.

The Paris *Figaro* has been ordered to discontinue publishing any statements as to the health of M. de Pène; and the list of civilians who avow their anxiety to avenge his savage treatment has been closed. It does not yet appear that Government have taken any steps to punish the murderous lieutenants. The Minister of War, wishing to stop the consequences of the duel between M. de Pène and Lieutenant Hyenne, has addressed a letter to the colonels commanding regiments to forbid the writing of letters by officers to the directors of newspapers, adding that the "honor" of the army stands too high in the estimation of the French people and of the whole world to be affected by the ill-timed pleasantry of an obscure journal.

THE NEW ARMY CENSORSHIP OF THE PRESS.

The London *Times* says: "Henceforth there will be another check on the press, which may save the necessity of warnings, and deliver the Government from any unpopularity which frequent interferences might bring upon it. The army as a body is the support of the Empire, and it would be a brilliant idea to make its officers, as individuals, a terror to opposition journalists, who may be called to account for a chance expression, and fought by a regiment volunteering for the purpose. The army seems quite disposed to enter into such an arrangement, and an event which has happened within the last few days is a proof of their good-will in the cause. On Saturday last the town of St. Germain was surprised by the sight of a large body of officers, in full uniform, marching to the office of the *Industriel*, a paper of the locality. Forty-two of these gentlemen, in fact, thought fit to deliver in person a summons to the Director and *Rédacteur en Chef*, demanding the insertion of a letter received by them from "their comrade, M. Rogé, officer of the 9th Chasseurs." The officers of the garrison of St. Germain "request, and in case of need require," the *Industriel* to insert an account of the duel of M. de Pène which they think is favorable to the character of M. Hyenne. Thus, it would seem that in France a journalist is not only liable to be called to account for what he inserts, but for what he refuses to insert. M. de Pène received thirty-one challenges for his unfortunate pleasantry, but the Director of the *Industriel* might have expected forty-two had he hesitated to print what the garrison of St. Germain had determined he should make public."

HOW MEN OF LETTERS FEEL ON THE QUESTION.

The London *Court Journal* of May 22 says: "A demonstration on the part of civilians in general, and artists and literary men in particular, has been got up in the bureaux of a celebrated journal. This demonstration is nothing less than a polite defiance to mortal combat from the *literati* of Paris to the sub-lieutenants of the army, to be taken as answer to their challenge to M. de Pène. Each man puts down his name and the address, calls upon each sub-lieutenant to choose his adversary, by placing his own name and address against that of his chosen enemy. The police, ever on the watch to prevent any collision between the civilians and the army, have found it impossible to prevent the list from growing to a considerable length, and the announcement of its existence has caused great alarm among the clubs of Paris, as it is considered the outburst of that feeling of antipathy which is known to exist between the two great representatives of power in France, and which has increased to an alarming pitch during the last year."

THE FRENCH PRÆTORIAN GUARDS.

The *Herald* Paris correspondent makes the following remarks in reference to the recent duels: "M. Villemessant, the editor of the *Figaro*, has been made to understand that if he would save his journal from 'suppression,' he must put up with the murder of his colleague as best he may. M. de Pène has troops of friends, is of an ancient family, and his cause is espoused by all who think the amenities of literary life preferable to the brutal manners of an overgorged military. The observations of the pasquinade were true to the letter, only that they fell short of the truth. The lofty chivalry of the French army has disappeared entirely. The manners of the officers are brusque and vulgar. There is the air of the 'unwashed' about them, meet them where you will; and when any thing like feasting is going on they may be said also to have the air of the 'unfed,' for their eager voracity is so unbridled that ladies are rudely hustled, even in the Palace of the Tuileries, and their shoulders lacerated by the epauleted military, anxious to attack the prey. It is well known that the splendid receptions at the Palace, in the way of supper, have been forced on the Emperor by the savage conduct of the military."

PROMOTION OF PRINCE NAPOLEON.

The Paris correspondent of the *Times* says it is now decided that the government of Algeria shall be given to Prince Napoleon, and that he shall have full powers to administer it without being under the control of a minister in Paris. The Prince will depart early in July.

Letters from Algiers announce that, in consequence of the adoption of the project appointing Prince Napoleon Governor-General of the colony, the entire body of the elevated military administrators propose to return to France with Marshal Randon.

THE IMPERIAL PEARLS OMINOUSLY DISEASED.

An alarm of a most serious nature was spread throughout the Tuileries a few days ago. The Empress having expressed her intention of wearing the beautiful parure of pearls at the ball given in honor of the Queen of Holland, it was discovered, on opening the écrin which contains the necklace, that two of the precious gems were discolored, and sickening of that disease, the terror of jewelers and guardians of crown-jewels, the cure for or preventive of which has yet to be discovered. By this disease the pearls change color, then become scaly, and finally change to powder. The malady is contagious, and if the first pearl attacked be not removed, every one confined in the same écrin will soon be lost. In the present case, the separation of four of the diseased pearls from the necklace was speedily resolved on by Kramer, the court jeweler, as the only means of saving the rest.

TRIAL OF THE CHALONS PRISONERS.

The Chalons trials are concluded. The leader of the *émeute* of March last was absent. The public prosecutor contended that the accused were enemies of society, members of the Marianne, and bent upon pillage. Their counsel struggled against the imputations, denied that there was any legal definition of a "secret society," and insisted that their clients were simple-minded people, who had been led astray by leaders who had escaped. The court condemned Sercy to four years' imprisonment and 4000 francs fine; Trevez, Douard, and Pouget, to two years and 100 francs; and Blanc, Catherine, and Berthau, to one year and 100 francs. Three others were condemned to three months' and three to a fortnight's imprisonment. The thirteen others were acquitted.

WHAT THE POLICE DOES IN PARIS.

The prefect of police of Paris has daily to provide for the paving, Macadamizing, sweeping, watering, and lighting of 1474 streets, avenues, quays, and boulevards. There are in the streets 13,000 gas-burners, which are lighted in the course of about twenty minutes. The city contains between 32,000 and 33,000 houses, of which 6863 are lodging-houses, that is, inhabited by a population requiring a special surveillance. About 137,000 persons travel daily in carriages—the omnibuses alone transport 25,000,000 of persons per annum—and yet there only occurred last year 380 accidents, of which 24 only proved fatal. The police have to verify the good quality of all the provisions, and keep their eye upon 10,000 dealers in those articles.

CAUGHT BY A BUTTON.

A French lady, of great personal attractions, living with her family, in the neighborhood of Paris, was awakened by hearing some one in the bedroom; and presently a person, in man's attire, approached the bed, and attempted to stifle her cries by placing his hand on her mouth. She offered a stout resistance, and alarmed friends, on the approach of whom the intruder escaped through the window. In the struggle the young lady had torn a button off the coat of her assailant, and it was found to be one of the family livery buttons. On a search being made in the outer premises the coachman was discovered in the stable, pretending to be asleep, but, on being made to get up, a button was found to be missing from his coat. On being taken before the Commissary of Police he confessed that he was the person who had entered the room, and in defense of his conduct said that he had fallen so desperately in love with his young mistress that, in a moment of frenzy, he had made an assault on her. He was committed for trial.

PRUSSIA.

IMBECILITY OF THE KING.

A correspondent of the *Times*, in the course of an elaborate article on Prussian politics, writes: "The apoplectic fit which attacked the King of Prussia at the commencement of last October, and which had been already preceded by several slighter shocks, did not quite deprive him of his intellectual powers, but left him without the means of expressing himself clearly; his faculties were weakened, but not destroyed. While his Majesty, indeed, understood what was laid before him, he could not, and to this day can not, remember names or events, or find words; his memory fails him constantly on the most trivial occasions, and he continually forgets the very names of his attendants and near relatives, although when their names are spelled, or they come before him, he is generally accurate in remembering them. He is perfectly aware of his own deficient state of mind and deplores it deeply, and sometimes, when he can not recall the word by which he wishes to express himself, falls into a state of rage and agitation which is highly alarming. After such an explosion he remains sometimes in a stupor for hours, but his general state is one of deep depression and disgust; as he has been from the beginning, and still is, forbidden to occupy himself in any serious way, or to receive any society beyond his own immediate court, his main occupation being that of walking, which he does for a length of time when well enough. It is natural to suppose that this life is insupportable to a man of the King's varied and remarkably intellectual resources, and who has been always accustomed to much mental occupation, and that it adds to his general irritability of temperament. But he is still averse to believe that there is little or no hope of his recovering his mental faculties sufficiently to undertake the management of affairs once more, and still more determined never to deprive himself, by any sort of abdication, of the divine right which he imagines it to be his duty to exercise to his latest hour."

RUSSIA.

A NEW CALIF HAROUN ALRASCHID.

An admirable example of justice was lately set by the new governor, Kaminski. He walked in the dusk of the evening, incognito, through the streets of the city, being quite wrapped up in the ample folds of his cloak. Suddenly the carriage of a prince came rattling along with the speed of lightning, being drawn by fiery steeds. Through the same street, a poor jaded Jew, covered with perspiration, was driving a heavily laden wagon. "Out of the way," cried, with a thundering voice, the prince's coachman. But the warning came too late: the wheels of the nobleman's carriage struck against those of the humble wagon. The prince, who sat at ease in his carriage, was somewhat roughly shaken. Wrathful, he jumped out, overwhelmed the cowed Jew with invectives, while giving him a sound thrashing with the whip. At last he left him, bleeding and bruised, threatening him with imprisonment in the morning. The governor, who had witnessed this painful scene, and who could scarcely restrain himself, when the prince had driven off asked the Jew his name. "What do you want of me, and what good is my name to you?" "But will you not claim damages for the hardships sustained?" "I claim damages! do you not know I am a poor Hebrew?" "What of that? Go to-morrow to the governor; they say he is a just man." "God forbid that I should do such a thing! What chance have I against so powerful a man? Let me alone, for God's sake." But the governor having persevered, at last learned his name. In the morning, the very same prince waited upon the governor, in order to give an account of his administration. "All right," he said, "nothing untoward happened yesterday; no grievances to be redressed." "No grievances," replied the governor, "and this poor fellow?" Here he called in the Jew, for whom he had sent previously. The prince, at the sight, grew pale, and confessed his wrong. The governor, in consideration of this candid confession, contented himself with condemning him to pay reasonable damages to the sufferer.

ITALY.

FOREIGNERS AT NAPLES.

A letter from Naples, of the 21st instant, says: "Naples is full of English at this moment, seeking for dwellings in the surrounding country places. Sorrento is nearly full; all the prettiest villas are taken at high prices, and the hotels are making a real harvest this year. Castellamare is a more fashionable residence for foreigners, and is already half filled with Russian, French, and English families. Ischia, for the bathing season, is sure to be much frequented, as the numerous mineral sources are known to be above any for their efficacious virtue. Vesuvius has for some days been in a state of great agitation, and issues flames toward Ottajano. Volumes of smoke cover its huge sides, as a token of a greater eruption."

SPAIN.

HOW THE GRANDEES TREAT EACH OTHER.

Marshal O'Donnell happened to be walking with some of his friends in the beautiful gardens of Aranjuez. He had just paid his respects to the Queen, and was in full uniform. At the same moment another group was coming in an opposite direction. On meeting all saluted O'Donnell, except General Sanz, the military chief of the King's household, who is a warm partisan of Narvaez, and consequently a deadly foe of O'Donnell, under whose orders Sanz served frequently during the civil war. On seeing Sanz pass without saluting, O'Donnell halted, and said, in a loud voice, "General, why have you not saluted me? It was your duty to do so, not by reason of any social consideration, but for respect to my military rank." Sanz muttered some excuse, and pretended he had not seen him. "It is untrue!" cried the fiery Spaniard, who, moreover, is remarkable for his lofty stature; "but now that you do see me, salute me as you ought." Sanz, without uttering a word, lifted his hat and passed on. The incident had no further consequence.

AFRICA.

A STRANGE DISCOVERY.

The Cape Town (C. G. H.) *Mail*, of 19th of April, says: "On Friday evening, last week, a cask was washed ashore near the light-house, which, on being opened, was found to contain two dead bodies. On examination it appeared that they were adult males, Chinese; one of them very decently dressed, and both free from any marks of injury or violence. The cask in which they were inclosed was seemingly of foreign make—it is thought American; and it seems probable that the deceased were among the coolies on board a Yankee vessel which was in Table Bay some short while ago, that they had died at sea, that the captain had thrown them overboard in this way to save the expense of burying them on land, according to the port regulations, and that they had been washed ashore by the late northerly gales. A considerable quantity of salt was found in the cask. It is thought, from the manner in which one was dressed, that he was a person of some consequence. Both the bodies were inclosed in matting, and were nearly fresh."

INDIA.

THE LATEST NEWS.

The Commander-in-Chief and General Walpole entered Shahjehanpore without opposition, on the 30th of April, and marched for Barclay on the 2d of May. The Maunbie and his followers were flying back to Maqueldee, in Oude. Nena Sahib was in Barclay. The Hindoos were friendly, but the Mussulmans were escaping. The reverses sustained by General Walpole in Oude have been confirmed. General Adrian Hope had been killed. A Goorkha column, under Colonel Jones, had occupied Mogadabad after defeating the enemy at Dugeehabad and Mujeenah. General Penny arrived at Punallee on the 26th of April, and marched the same day to join the Commander-in-Chief. A dispatch from Futteghur, May 2d, states that he followed the rebels into an ambuscade and was killed, but the enemy was defeated by his troops.

WERE THE ENGLISH LADIES OUTRAGED AND MUTILATED?

The Bengal *Hurkaru* says, "The question so much discussed in England, of the reality of the horrors of torture and mutilation said to have been perpetrated by the mutineers and rebels, has been the subject of much discussion in India also. It is true that, though but few living examples of ladies or children who have suffered these cruelties have been seen by many in Calcutta, instances of the kind have not been wanting. But too much weight has been attached to the existence of living instances of cruel atrocity. The proof of the crime does not rest on that fact. Those unfortunate ladies who survived the horrors to which they had been subjected would be the last to come forward and bear unnecessary testimony against the mutineers, while the reason that so few are comparatively to be seen lies in the fact that in nearly all cases of personal violence to English women, torture, mutilation, and other outrages were the more cruel preludes to murder. Very few, once in their power, escaped with life to show in their own persons the proofs of the cruel sufferings which they had undergone."

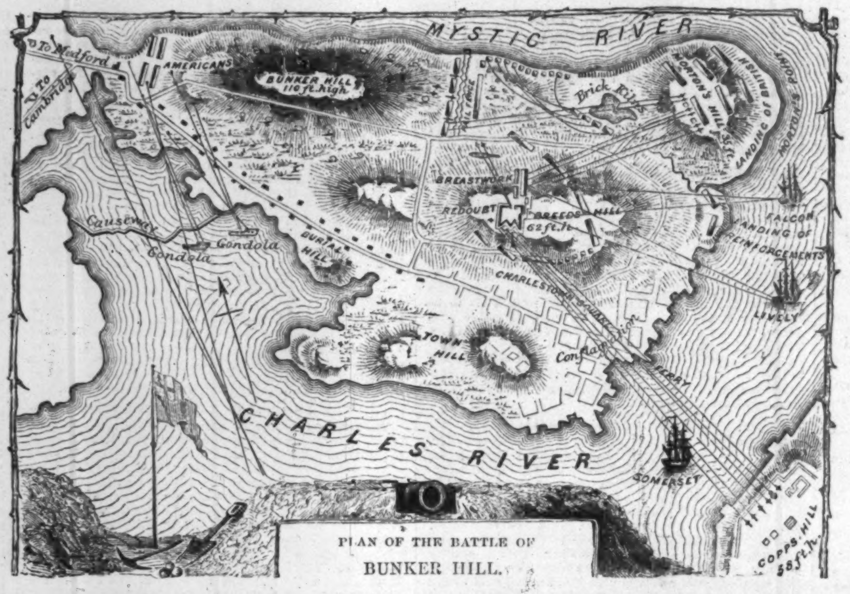
ANOTHER VICTIM OF THE SEPOYS.

A correspondent at Allahabad, who writes on the 8th April, states that a lady, whose name we do not give, of about sixteen or seventeen years of age, arrived at that station on the 7th. Her adventures have been great, and are as follows: "She was at Cawnpore, and went to the boats with the party. She was taken out of them by a sowar of the 3d Cavalry, who took her with him to Lucknow, then to Furruckabad, then to Delhi, and after the taking of that city back again to Lucknow. When Lucknow was taken, he brought her to Synee or Sainee, a chokee on the Grand Trunk Road near Allahabad, and left her to make her way into this station. She is in great distress of mind, often in tears, has forgotten much of the English language, and looks prematurely aged."

THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

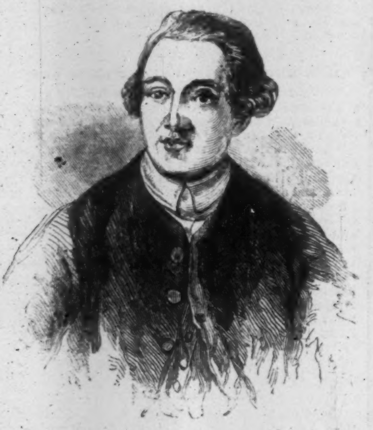
EIGHTY-THREE years have elapsed since the scene now illustrated was made famous by the dear-won victory of the English over the Provincials. On 17th June, 1775, the battle of Bunker Hill established the crowning fact that the "Americans" were prepared to fight for their liberties. It was the Alpha and Omega of the Revolution. For it was the first great battle between the people and their assumed masters; and, from the hour that the readiness of the former to fight for freedom was made certain, the result—their success—was a mere question of time.

It was on the 16th of June, in the afternoon, that the Committee of Safety was made aware of the design of the English to seize the heights between the Mystic and Charles River. Boston was besieged. In a strategical point of view, it was an error on the part of both belligerents not to have seized those heights before. The omission the British proposed to repair on the 18th; the patriots determined to forestall them. On the night of 16th–17th, a portion of the regiments of Prescott, Fryer, and Bridge, Gridley's Artillery, and 200 Connecticut men under Knowlton, heard prayer from the lips of the President of Harvard, and marched silently toward the peninsula. Their orders were to fortify Bunker's Hill. But the commanders, wisely considering Breed's Hill as the more important point, made it the centre of their operations, and only fortified Bunker's Hill as a subordinate work. The night was fair; the stars shone brightly; the work was begun at midnight. Had the ears of the Englishmen been sharper, they might have heard the sound of the pick; as it was, we are told that the American forces were cheered by the monotonous repetition of the "All's well!" at regular intervals from the unconscious British pickets. The intrenchments were six feet high when the commander of the British vessel *Lively* discovered them at early dawn, and awakened his chief and the people of Boston by opening fire on the phenomenon.



PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

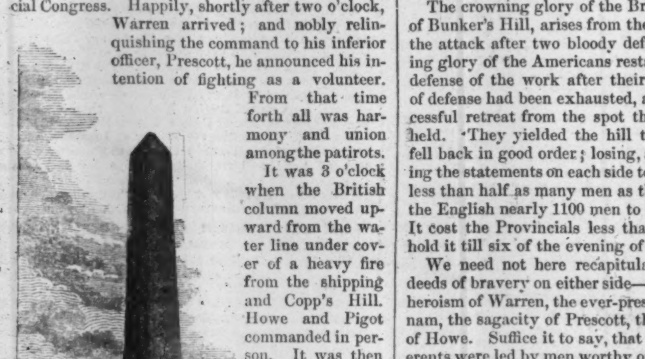
All that morning from four, when day broke, to twelve, the Americans labored faithfully to heighten and strengthen their breast-works, while the English spent the time in mustering their forces for the attack which was indispensable. Shortly after noon, on 17th, the British had landed 4000 men on the peninsula; the Americans had hoisted the New England flag, quartered with the pine-tree at the uppermost corner, near the staff. All was ready on both sides.



GENERAL WARREN.

There was some misgiving among the defenders of the new forts. Such is usually the case with militia. There was a rumor that the little force was to be sacrificed for the benefit of those who were snugly ensconced behind Boston: there was a general cry for Warren, the President of the Provincial Congress. Happily, shortly after two o'clock, Warren arrived; and nobly relinquishing the command to his inferior officer, Prescott, he announced his intention of fighting as a volunteer. From that time forth all was harmony and union among the patirots.

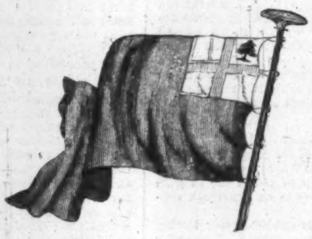
It was 3 o'clock when the British column moved upward from the water line under cover of a heavy fire from the shipping and Copp's Hill. Howe and Pigot commanded in person. It was then that Prescott uttered the well-remembered command: "Men, do not fire till you see the whites of their eyes!" How well that command was obeyed, and how fearfully the assailing column suffered, every school-boy knows. The British troops saw their first rank fall like wheat before the sickle, and rushed tumultuously down the hill.



BUNKER HILL MONUMENT, BOSTON.

The second attack followed as soon as reinforcements—some four hundred marines—had been received from Boston. It shared the fate of the first. General Howe, who commanded in person, was at one time left alone, all his aids and orderlies having fallen under the deadly fire from the American breast-work. Once more the British ran down the hill, leaving a number of their brave comrades on its slope.

It is said that but for an exclamation of "a Provincial," to the effect that the Americans must do their best, for they had no powder left, the second repulse would have been final. But this remark is understood to have been reported to the British commander; and General Clinton, exasperated at the loss of his men, crossing over from Boston, and urging the absolute necessity of gaining possession of the heights, a third attack was resolved upon. The artillery from the shipping and Copp's Hill had now got the range, and were operating with disastrous effect on the American works. The weak point of the American defense had been discovered. Once more the British charged the hill.



THE NEW ENGLAND FLAG.

It had tried the powers of Prescott, Putnam, and Warren to control the raw levies they commanded, even when they had the best position and every other advantage on their side. Now their ammunition was exhausted, their bodies weary, their hope—of a cessation of strife—exhausted. But these gallant men, at that terrible moment, did not flinch. Their last grain of powder was fired in the face of the foe as he advanced for the third time over the bodies of his comrades; and at last, when all was lost, and the British were scaling the redoubt, the Provincials, who had but few bayonets, clubbed their muskets, and contended hand to hand with the invaders. Such a contest, however, could not last long. The British artillery had already told fearfully upon the new works; the assailants far outnumbered their enemy; the work once stormed ceased to afford protection. It was simply a question of how the retreat could be best made.

The crowning glory of the British, at the battle of Bunker's Hill, arises from their perseverance in the attack after two bloody defeats. The crowning glory of the Americans rests upon their heroic defense of the work after their legitimate means of defense had been exhausted, and upon their successful retreat from the spot they had so bravely held. They yielded the hill to the British, but fell back in good order; losing, altogether (assuming the statements on each side to be well founded), less than half as many men as the enemy. It cost the English nearly 1100 men to take Breed's Hill. It cost the Provincials less than five hundred to hold it till six of the evening of June 17.

We need not here recapitulate the individual deeds of bravery on either side—the self-sacrificing heroism of Warren, the ever-present energy of Putnam, the sagacity of Prescott, the gallant bravery of Howe. Suffice it to say, that both of the belligerents were led by men worthy of the contest—that both found "foemen worthy of their steel." The immediate victory, if victory it can be called, remained with the British; but the practical lesson taught by the battle was, that the Provincials were in earnest, and therefore invincible.

We might expand this account to any length; but to do so would be to insult the intelligence of all our readers. No American boy, it is to be hoped, needs information on the story of the Battle of Bunker's Hill.

The picture on the opposite page, which does credit to the artist, Mr. M'Donough, may be considered as depicting the final struggle around and within the American works, after the powder of the Provincials had given out and the English were masters of the situation. The New England flag still waves over the fort; but the desperate way in which the Provincials are clubbing their muskets, and the heavy tread of the grenadiers, who are mounting the hill in serried column, tell but too plainly of the hopelessness of the struggle.

We have combined with this fine illustration a careful plan of the peninsula on which Breed's and Bunker Hill stand, with lines showing the operations of the assailants and the works of the besieged on that memorable 17th of June.

All will be glad to see portraits of Putnam and Warren: the former the type of the New England citizen soldier, grizzled and tough, with no military fanaticism, and no ruling sentiment but the quiet love of country which has ever been the cause of the noblest heroism; the latter, another type, the chivalric, high-bred Warren, climbing through a back window to deliver the speech on the anniversary of the Boston massacre before crowds of British soldiers who were sworn to punish the orator, serving, tho' President of the Provincial Congress, as a volunteer at Bunker Hill, and compensating by his death, as Howe said, for the loss of five hundred men.

Just thirty-three years ago, the veteran Lafayette laid the corner-stone of the Bunker Hill Monument, on the site of the old redoubt on Breed's Hill. Forty survivors of the battle were present: the aged Frenchman's emotions were intense at beholding so many of his old comrades. It took eighteen years to complete the monument, the work having been repeatedly interrupted by a want of funds. At length, on 17th June, 1843, the monument was dedicated, Daniel Webster being the orator of the day. It is a plain column, two hundred and twenty-one feet in height. On the top are two of the cannons of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company—the "Hancock" and the "Adams."

This is but one of the monuments which a grateful people in New England have erected in honor of their Revolutionary ancestry. This time last year we engraved an illustration of the Warren statue, which was inaugurated on the Bunker Hill anniversary. A few years hence we hope we may have the pleasure of giving the colossal monument to the Pilgrim Fathers, which is destined to be the most remarkable work of art in the country.

The New England Flag, which is given above, is considered by Mr. Lossing to have been the one which was raised over the redoubt at Breed's Hill. In the corner was the pine-tree; the flag was quartered; it bore the motto "*Qui transtulit sustinet.*" Some works have described the New England flag as having a sphere in the upper corner near the staff; this was an older flag, and was disused at the time of the battle of Bunker Hill.

We can not better close this brief account than by inviting the reader to peruse the following verses:

BUNKER HILL.

BY ALFRED B. STREET.

IN moonlight, sweet and still,
Slept Bunker's peaceful hill;
The roofs and spires of Boston were enameled in the glow;
Shone forest, field, and stream
Beneath the mellow beam;
How lovely was the evening to that morn of blood and woe!

On the hill's illumined brow
Dim forms are moving now,
Rearing ramparts, and they labor as if life is in their toil;
Here a musket glitters, there
Gleams a sword upon the air,
The ramparts every moment growing higher from the soil.

At morn, grand sounds, like thunder,
When skies are cleft asunder,
From the hill-top rolled, and a smoky fold was wrapped o'er all the scene;
Long ranks are wildly reeling,
Shrill shrieks are madly pealing,
Shots are flashing, blood is dashing, Battle frowns in furious mien.

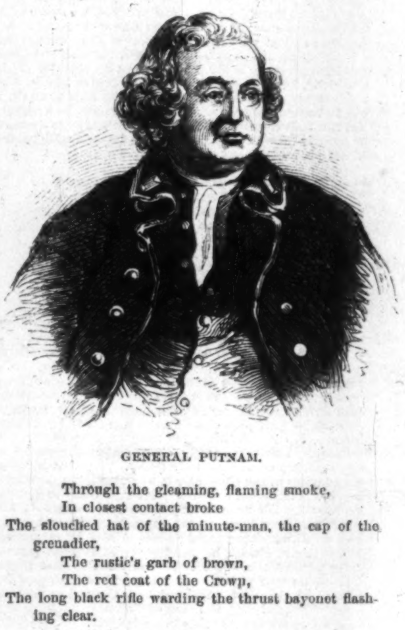
Proud and dauntless at their station
Are the sons of our young nation,
Proud and dauntless where their ramparts are extending rude but strong;
While in rapid columns streaming,
Through the smoke their scarlet gleaming,
Up, up, swift toward those ramparts the British soldiers throng.

"Steady, steady, boys; all steady
Until every aim is ready,
Then pour in true your fire!" cries old Putnam. All obey!
"Crush the reptiles at their station,
Sweep the rebels from creation!"
Shouts the leader stern of England's hosts. More furious is the fray.

From the earthen ramparts came
Quick darts of deadly flame;
Balls whistled like December's blasts, blood flowed like April streams;
"Fight, fight for freedom's nation!"
"Sweep the rebels from creation!"
Thus sound the variant battle-cries; War's visage wildest gleams.

Up to those ramparts flashing,
Twice came old England dashing,
And twice the sons of freedom had hurled him, bleeding, back;
Again, for one more blow,
Rallies the frenzied foe;
He comes! he comes! swords, bayonets, flags, all glittering in his track.

He comes! he comes! O Heaven,
Let Freedom's sons be given
To death, but not to slavery! Kind Heaven be Thou their stay!
Yes, yes, kind Heaven doth heed them;
And, with Freedom's self to lead them,
Swift bounding o'er the ramparts they meet the foe midway!



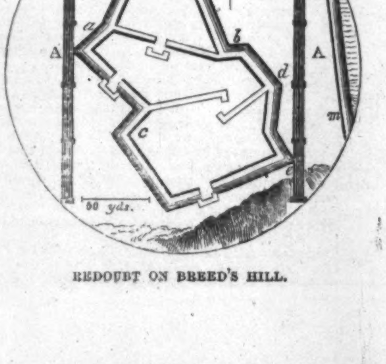
GENERAL PUTNAM.

Through the gleaming, flaming smoke,
In closest contact broke
The slouched hat of the minute-man, the cap of the grenadier,
The rustic's garb of brown,
The red coat of the Crown,
The long black rifle warding the thrust bayonet flashing clear.

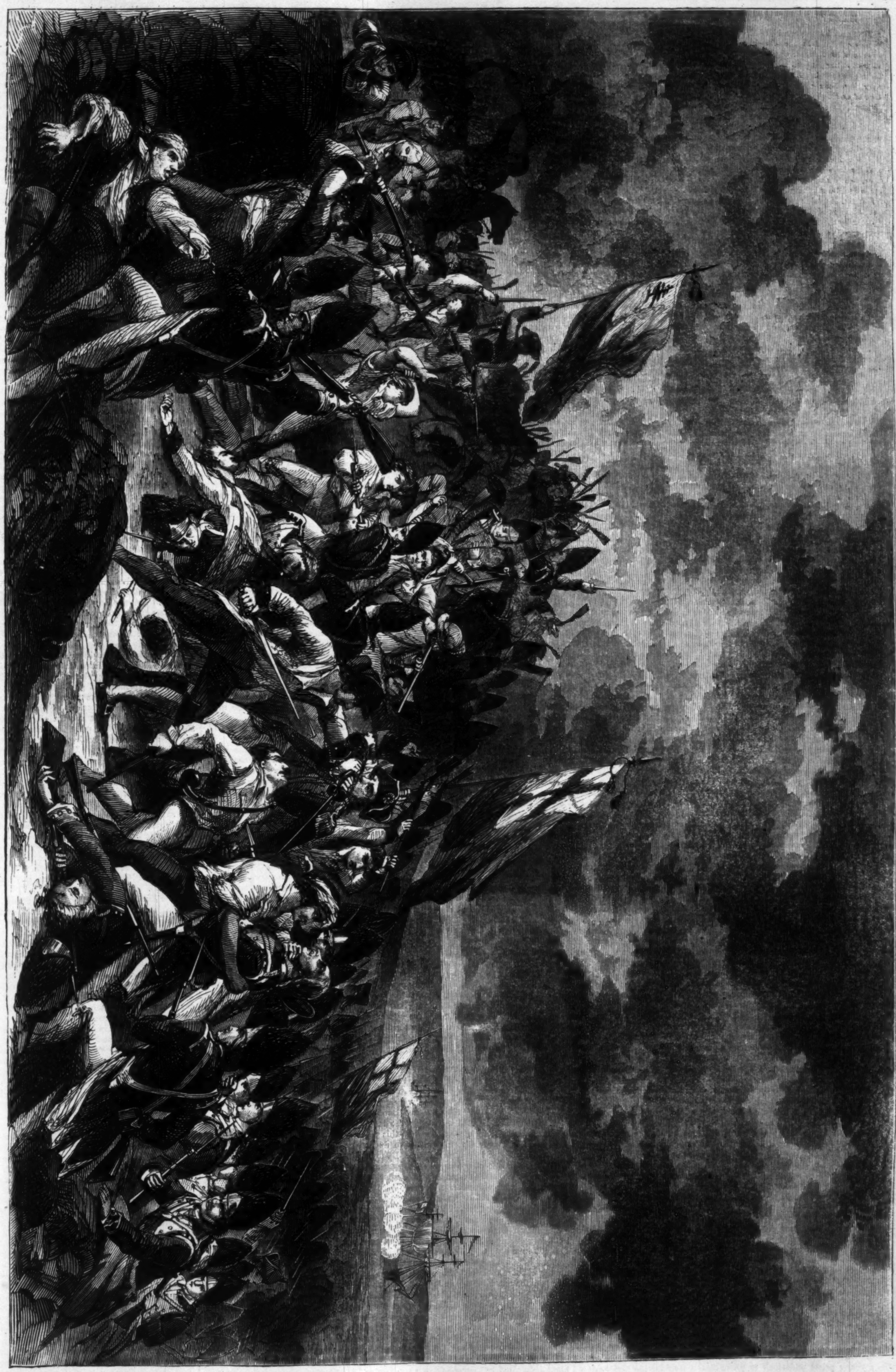
A cry—a cry of wail!
Flushed brows are quickly pale;
Ah! who has fall'n—ah! who has fall'n, to cause such bitter woe?
There, stretched upon the ground,
With mourners hurrying round,
Is Warren, pouring from his heart his life in latest flow!

But Battle's tumult still
Whirls wildly on the hill—
Still up the ranks of England crowd; meet, meet them as you may.
Sons of Freedom, at your station!
For your God, and for your nation,
Strike, strike one blow, one true blow more, as you slowly leave the fray!

The blow is struck, and slow
The sons of Freedom go—
Slowly, sadly, yet half gladly—from the hill where they had fought;
And bleeding England's cheering
Is half joyous and half fearing,
For a hard-won, scarce-won trophy, in his Lion-flag is wrought.



REDOUBT ON BREED'S HILL.



THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL, JUNE 17, 1775.

EARTHQUAKE EXPERIENCES.

So much has been said of the great earthquake which occurred in the kingdom of Naples in the month of December, eighteen hundred and fifty-six, that the subject may appear almost to have been exhausted. An unexpected freshness, however, has been communicated to it by the narrative of an English gentleman, who, impelled solely by motives of benevolence, visited the afflicted districts, and lived and labored among the poor inhabitants for more than ten weeks. The details which he gives are of such an interesting and extraordinary character, afford so much insight into the actual civilization of localities he visited, as well as into the system of government pursued here, that I shall not make any apology for giving them as I heard them from his own mouth.

On Mr. Major's applying to Monsieur Bianchini, the Minister of the Interior, he found him rather put out by the indisposition which the English had manifested to intrust their contributions to the government for distribution. Without, however, prohibiting him from visiting the scene of the disaster, the minister would do nothing more than promise that no obstacle should be thrown in his way. General Winspear, who is at the head of gendarmery, gave him an especial order to be accompanied by gens d'armes wherever he went; and, with such guarantees, he left Naples on the thirtieth of January, about six weeks after the earthquake occurred.

From this time I shall conduct the narrative as though Mr. Major were speaking, and as nearly as possible in his own words:

My first resting-place was Salerno, where I visited the Intendente, Mr. Ajossa, who received me with great kindness and attention, giving me letters of recommendation to the Sottintendente, and a circular letter to all the gens d'armes, which enjoined them to assist me; and, moreover, sending one officer to accompany me during the whole time of my journey.

A lovely and a well-constructed road leads to Auletta, where the ruin occasioned by the earthquake is first apparent. A great quantity of planks had been put together for churches, barracks, and public offices. So also was it in Polla; where a handsome barrack had been erected for the Sottintendente, of expensive deals, and had been lined with blankets. It consisted of a saloon, antechamber, sleeping apartments, and all the other conveniences belonging to tranquil life. At Sala, too, he had another temporary house built of Petersburg timber. The judge and all the principal people were similarly accommodated; but, for the poor, only a few barracks had been put up. Indeed, wherever I went the same feature was perceptible; the authorities took good care of themselves; and it was obvious that they endeavored to prevent the people from having access to me. I had means of making the inquiry, however; and ascertained that scarcely any thing had been done for them: The government had sent a few blankets, articles of clothing, and deals, but they were insufficient, and had been used principally for the churches and authorities.

On my return in the month of March I found that the temporary church in Polla had been covered with zinc. Convinced that I could do but little for humanity in the province of Salerno, where, what had been done was by the roadside for the sake of show, in case any of the princes came down, I hurried on to Basilicata, where I arrived on the thirty-first of January in Padula. The earthquake had not committed so much injury here as in other places, but little had been done to repair it, for it was not on the high road. There was a fine old monastery here, which had been broken all to pieces. The Syndic of Padula received me well, and, leaving with him sixty ducats for the relief of poor, I went on the next morning to Saponara.

There was no road to this place, and my route lay over the mountains, a heavy snow falling all the time. In some parts the earth was cracked with deep fissures. Saponara I found had been nearly destroyed. On the side of the hill had stood a nunnery, which was now in ruins; the very foundations had been thrown up; of a large church not an atom was left; beds for apartments below in another story, with men and children in them, had been thrown into the rooms of nuns; two such instances I observed in Saponara. Dr. Mallet explained the phenomenon by saying, that it must have happened in consequence of a change in the position of the upper and lower beams of the two stories; but I still hold that it was produced by the immediate and violent action of the earthquake, and Humboldt records similar facts as having taken place in Quito. What was to be done? I asked. Barracks for the poor people were wanted, I was told, and that evening I set to work. The population had fled to a monastery, the walls of which had been thrown down. Some portions, however, remained; and, inside, some huts had been thrown up of board and straw and covered over with clothes, but the wind and the rain beat fearfully into them. The authorities had had some made expressly for themselves. The government officials, too, had erected some of sticks, lightly covered over with linen; they looked just like umbrellas, but no one would go into them. My first dispute here was with the monks, who would not allow me to erect barracks within the precincts of the ruined monastery, as females, misled, might possibly take refuge there. The vicar-general and the priests, too, urged that it would amount to a violation of the cloister, and would be a mortal sin. "It has already been broken," I insisted, "for some huts have already been erected here." "Absolution must be obtained for those who have already got in," was the answer; "but, were others now to obtain admission, absolution could not be procured for them." I then asked, ironically: "if it were really true that it would be a mortal sin to break the cloister thus?" On which a young priest undertook to prove that it would be a tremendous sin; and I simply observed, that the earthquake had first broken the cloister, and had occasioned all the ruin. It was of no use, however, to argue. I built my barracks outside the monastery, and the wind swept away the government umbrellas.

I remained in this place ten or twelve days, feeding all who came daily, with kettles of macaroni or beans; and, on one occasion, I purchased and cooked a pig, and distributed it. No one who applied was sent away without food, and the cost of all this did not exceed thirty-six ducats. Besides this I housed twenty-two families in temporary barracks, so built as to admit of their taking their looms with them. The cost of this amounted to two hundred and fifty-six ducats, seventy grains.

This will be the proper place to speak of a misunderstanding which I had with the bishop on pecuniary matters. At Salerno I had been cautioned not to place money in the hands of the priests. "They will put it in their pockets," I was told. The administrators of charity collected among the great body of the English had, however, placed fourteen hundred and fifty ducats in the hands of the bishop, who, on the twenty-fifth of January, had assured them that a thousand ducats had already been distributed, and that the remaining four hundred and fifty ducats would be so directly. On the first of February I arrived at Saponara, and found the bishop's vicar-general distributing the money in the name of the bishop. From him I ascertained that it was a portion of the thousand ducats which it had been asserted on the twenty-fifth of January had already been distributed; and his orders were to give a hundred ducats to a hundred families. As soon as the people learned that the money had been given by the English, and not by the bishop, they flocked round us, showing their paper packets, containing, not ten, but eight, or even six carlini; his reverence having mulcted the people to the tune of ten or twenty per cent. The vicar-general then ordered the people to be driven away; but as several gens d'armes were under my control, I could prevent this. My next step was to write to the bishop, and ask for the second sum of one hundred ducats which had been intended for Saponara. His excellency sent it with much confusion, and added, in a postscript, that his vicar might distribute a hundred ducats in Viggiuno, and two hundred ducats more in another place. Accordingly, I sent a trusty messenger, but he returned empty-handed—in fact, the bishop endeavored to keep back three hundred ducats, and it took me two months to get it out of his hands; but I informed him that until I had done so I should not leave the province. The bishop then wrote to the arciprète, to get an assurance that ten carlini had been given to each person, and many signed it; but the archpriest himself told me that only eight carlini had been distributed to each person. At the same time I had a paper drawn up by the notary, declaring that the people had been robbed, and this paper was signed by many respectable persons.

During my stay at Saponara, I went one day to a small town called Sarcone, the history of which possesses great classical interest, and I shall speak of it when I have given a report of my visit. My object was to distribute money; but so offended were the authorities at my undertaking to do it myself, that, after the Syndic had given me a list of names, they left me unprotected, and told me that I might go into the church and give the charity there. Of course the whole population followed me, and I found myself in the midst of them without gens d'armes, and abandoned by the leading people; indeed, I may tell you that, with one or two exceptions, I was very ill received and much neglected by all the civil local authorities. A huge fat priest met me in the church, and attempted to dissuade me from taking the list which the Syndic gave me; but on running it over, I found that the names were principally those of women, and one of his flock shouted out, "Don't take his list; he will give you fifty such," winding up with observations *à propos* to such insinuations.

I had distributed fifty ducats, according to the best of my judgment, and had placed twenty piastres on the ground by my side, when, all of a sudden, my fat clerical friend had got on my shoulders, and was making a long arm to get at my money. The people, too, like hungry dogs, were all crowding upon me, had pulled off my cravat in their greedy anxiety to get something, and had torn the buttons out of my shirt. A man in the crowd called out, "You are in danger!" I directly made a snatch at my money, jerked the priest off my shoulders—for you see I am a strong man—and made a rush for it, knocking down forty or fifty people in my way. On getting out of the church I drew a six-barrel revolver, and called out, "Keep off, or I will fire!" and in this way made myself master of the position.

Hearing of some noble ladies who were reduced to great distress by the earthquake, I got a man to accompany me to their ruined dwelling, a vast crowd of poor, of all grades, following. On arriving, I found an elderly and a younger lady almost without clothes. The latter was one of the most beautiful persons I ever met with, and it went to my heart to see two well-born and well-educated ladies thus seated almost amidst the falling walls of their house, and willing to accept the relief which I offered them. I could not help reflecting, as I left Sarcone, what the Roman Catholic religion had done for its inhabitants during fifteen centuries, and I told them, "You are fierce animals; you are not Christians."

I alluded above to the classical interest which surrounds Sarcone, for two thousand years ago it belonged to the old city of Grumentum, of which various authors, as Pliny and Livy, speak. The latter, in book twenty-seven, chapter forty-seven: "Not to meet the Romans in the Bruzz, Hannibal passed into Lucania, and particularly to Grumentum, hoping to recover some cities which had passed to the Romans. The Consul Claudius Nero following him, besieged him. Hannibal had encamped under the walls of Grumentum; the army of the Romans, about five hundred passi distant from the Carthaginians. . . . . . . The Carthaginians began to fly, and being followed, left eight thousand dead on the field, seven hundred prisoners, nine standards, four elephants killed and two taken!" A great variety of articles belonging to both armies had been found in this neighborhood, and the Notary of Saponara speaks, among other things, of an elephant's tooth having been turned up. Whether the people have made any advance since the day when they routed Hannibal may well be doubted, for they are in a half savage state, despite the light of what is by courtesy called Christianity, and of the exertions of an all-powerful priesthood. A specimen of that body I have given you, and I might repeat his likeness over and over again.

From Sarcone I returned to Saponara; and before leaving this place, I must mention two or three of the distressing cases. The judge had been buried under the stones of his house, with his wife and child, but he managed to make his voice heard, and one of his people procured assistance, and endeavored to dig him out. His body had been cleared as far as his middle, when his young wife was found lying across his knees. As soon as the rubbish had been cleared, the poor judge took her in his arms, but she was already dead. Unlike an Italian, his manner was utterly undemonstrative—he seemed to be crushed; looking at her, he only said, "Eleonora, cara, tu sei morta!" and a groan escaped him. His child, too, was killed. When I saw him, perhaps about a month after, he had never spoken of the event to any one, nor had he ever smiled. He did all the duties of his office, however, punctually, and took my part manfully against the monks. I took his hand and expressed my deep sympathy with him, but he answered not a word—he only returned my pressure. The Notary of the same place took me into a corner of his hut and related his own story. It was as follows: He had been a man of considerable property, living in a good house, one part of which was occupied by himself and his second wife, and another part by two daughters by the first wife, who were much attached to him. When the first shock of earthquake came he was asleep in bed, and waking up, he called to his wife. They had heard no previous sound. Then came a second shock, and all came down. "We fell close to a door which opened into the street," he said, "and it happened to be open. I could have got out, but my wife held me back, and thus both were saved under the arch of the door. The noise of the falling of the house was that of a tremendous crash, like the rushing of a cataract, and this was followed by the stillness of death. The street itself was obscured by a cloud of dust. I called for my daughters," he continued, "but there was no answer. I scrambled toward their part of the house, but every thing was buried, and when they were found they were seated in their chairs, for they had not yet gone to bed. I thought the day of judgment had come. In a half dreaming, half waking state, but utterly confused, I called again and again for my children, and then I listened for the crowing of a cock, as if to mark the time, but during that night no cock crowed!"

In Saponara alone two thousand persons had been buried.

Thence, resumes Mr. Major, I went on to Montemurro, where six thousand persons had been buried, and a melancholy sight it presented, indeed. There was nothing left. The stench from the dead bodies was almost insufferable, for they had been but slightly covered, so that the pigs dug them out and ate them. I saw one devouring the leg of a man.

Some soldiers had been sent down by the Government; but they gave themselves up to plunder and drinking. They broke into the cellars of Montemurro, drank the wine, and then they and the poor plundered right and left. One man, who happened to be walking with me, was arrested for stealing four thousand ducats. One of the great sufferers in Montemurro was Baron ——. His house had fallen, and he had been buried in the ruins, and his right leg rendered useless. The first shock had buried him up to his shoulders, but two beams above had kept the house from falling upon him. He heard the voice of his daughter up stairs, lamenting and calling out for him, but he answered, that he could not move! "The second and the third shock came," he told me, "and threw the beams upon my head, crushing me to the ground. An opening was, however, left before my mouth, just sufficient to allow me to breathe, and speak to my daughter. The next shock closed up even this aperture. Not a limb could I move, and the only member of my body that I could use was my tongue. With this I worked at the ground, and blew the dust away, until I managed to reopen the communication with my child. For three hours I heard her dying voice, and, finally, her very last tones." The Baron was got out safely, and so was his wife; but the daughter and two sons were killed.

In this place I distributed one hundred and forty-five ducats, and left ninety-six ducats behind me. By my orders, some agricultural instruments, too, were made at Spinosa, which I distributed, as also some working materials for shoemakers. I was, however, deceived by a genteel-looking woman coming to me one evening, and crying and asking for assistance. I gave her ten piastres; but afterward heard that she had five thousand or six thousand ducats in her possession. On hearing this statement I went and asked her for what I had given her, and she restored it. So few people had been spared by the earthquake in the mountains that it was useless to attempt building, and I advised the authorities to get the people away. They were occupied, however, in erecting a great wooden church, and in digging for an old wooden Madonna, which, on its being found, was carried in procession, and stuck up in their church.

The next place I visited was Viggiano; which, like all the others named, may be found on a good map of Italy. One thousand people had been destroyed here; but as a considerable population still remained, and all their houses were broken, I saw the necessity of building huts. For this purpose I rented a piece of ground for two years, at eighteen ducats a year; built over a part of it, and accommodated twenty-eight families. Here I remained a month, three weeks of which I spent in my barrack, ill with fever, and keeping the money under my pillow. For eight or nine days I ate no food, and was in a barbarous country, without any one to assist me; but my good constitution helped me through. While staying in Viggiano I sent some people to inquire into the state of Spinosa, and two hundred persons came over to me, and received relief. I sent money also to Marsiconnovo, and to Brienza; but as the authorities would not put their names to the list of those who were to receive it, the money was brought back again to me. In Tranutola I distributed three hundred and forty-four ducats to the poor. In Viggiano I distributed six hundred and twelve ducats, while the whole cost of housing twenty-eight or thirty families was not more than five hundred and sixty ducats, or one hundred pounds. During this time, too, I never ceased to feed the people, and on one day I fed not less than five thousand persons, and thousands on every day that I remained. The cost of feeding them did not exceed one hundred and thirty-two ducats. On leaving Naples I brought with me five thousand one hundred and forty-nine ducats, and I took back one thousand nine hundred and ten ducats. Small sums I had, however, lent to some reduced persons, at five per cent. interest, for there were some offering it at twenty or thirty per cent. To the people, I stated that I was ready to take as many orphans as they would bring me, and receive them into my silk factory, in Sant Torio, near Portici. Twenty were offered to me. It is my intention to go back to this part of the country in a few months, and build some model houses of stones, with vaulted roofs. One room and one kitchen, I calculate, could be built for one hundred ducats, or eighteen pounds.

Viggiano has a special interest of its own, as being a city of Troubadours. From the Middle Ages, the inhabitants had wandered over Asia and Europe, with their harps and violins, and after the lapse of many years they come back with their thousands sometimes, and build or add to the family house. Every generation adds something; thus, in the very architecture of the place there was a quaintness. As many, too many are abroad, the population is of a varied character; and I found here men with wives from Spain and Germany, England and New York. Poor fellows! they had lost every thing. Their dwellings on the top of a mountain had been all thrown over. I bought a harp for one, and shall assist others in like manner. When Gramento was destroyed by the Saracens, the inhabitants fled to the tops of the mountains, and there erected Saponara, Montemurro, and Veggiano.

It was while I was in this latter place that I was visited by the Intendente of Basilicata—a gentleman who distinguished himself by his activity, benevolence, and good sense, during these trying times. He came to my barrack, accompanied by all the authorities of the district. I offered him a chair, but not the others, who had abused and neglected me. He threw down his cap on my bed, and, looking round my hut, exclaimed, "Bravo, Signore Major!" Then, turning to the authorities, he said, "You have taken good care of yourselves, but little of the poor." Many of the poor presented petitions to him, which he presented to me, at the same time telling the people, "You have a gentleman here who knows what is best for you." "At Saponara," he said to the authorities, when speaking of me, "we had not such a man to show among us." This must have been a great rebuff to them; for they had recommended the population not to take any thing of me, or they would be put in prison. This may sound like self-laudation, but these incidents belong to the case.

After having fulfilled my mission among those people, I prepared to leave; and to their honor be it said, when I bad them adieu, they manifested the greatest gratitude, and shed tears.

It remains for me to make some observations which I could not well insert in my narrative; but which will, perhaps, be of interest to the reader. The agricultural state of that part of the country, where I spent most of my time, was very bad and primitive. There were no olive nor fruit trees, but a good deal of grain was grown, and is exported from the province of Basilicata. A day field-laborer will earn in these parts a carlino (or fourpence) a day, and this not always in money, but in kind. For myself, I paid all who worked at making huts two carlini a day. With the exception of the great road which runs through to Calabria, and on to Tarentum, there are no roads, and every thing is transported on mules. Thus, from Saponara to Portenza, a distance of perhaps thirty or forty miles, it will take four days to make the journey by the same means. Provisions are, consequently, cheap; for there is no market for selling the produce. I observed a very marked difference between the character of those who lived in these parts of the country, which were traversed by roads, and that of the population of those districts which were less favored. Nowhere, however, were they contented with their government; and, in many parts they were greatly discontented. If I were to describe the state of the population, I should say that they are in a state of semi-barbarism; perhaps very similar to that of the English several centuries ago. Nor do I observe any thing in the ecclesiastical or civil administration of the country at all likely to elevate them. As for the religion, it is a modified form of paganism: the worship of Venus under the figure of the Madonna. There is a large statue to her honor which remains on a high hill near Viggiano for a great part of the year; and in the month of September it is visited by fifty thousand people. The masses are as superstitious and as ignorant as they can be, though now and then, perhaps, persons may be found who read more than men of the same class do in Naples; but it is a reading necessarily confined to the past, and has nothing to do with current or modern literature.

As for priests in these districts, I do them no injustice in calling them debased and ignorant; I abstain from a number of odious anecdotes which would prove it. On the lists presented to me I observed attached to the names of many Projetti and Muli, and the interpretation given to me was, that they were the priests' children. The community contributed to the support of the children until they were twelve years of age, when they were turned on the streets, unless a nurse became so attached to them as to adopt them. Several such children were brought to me, not knowing themselves by any other name than that of Muli. I spoke to a priest about it, much regretting the state of things, and his sole observation was that he thought it a very good arrangement, as the children would be otherwise destroyed at their birth; but at present their souls were saved by baptism.

Of the officials with whom I met, I can speak in no other terms than as swarms of hungry thieves who rob the inhabitants: whether they be clerical or civil officers, my description is still the same; and, during the whole of my sojourn among them, I met with only two priests who even spoke like honest men. It is only just, however, to add, that among the civilians I found several authorities who were willing to face the thievish underlings. In an especial manner I must speak of the Intendente of Salerno and of the Basilicata, who fully impressed me with the idea of their being honest and able men.

With regard to myself, a daily report of my movements was made to the police; for this country is not so tranquil and prosperous that a man can be suffered to wander freely about with a bag of money at his free disposal. It is very possible that the gens d'armes who accompanied me were sent as much to watch me as to protect me, though they served me well. In fact, except to the local and humbler authorities, my best thanks are due for the facilities accorded to me in my work of charity.

Different statements of the numbers who perished by the earthquake have been given. I believe the following to be correct. In the very centre of the disaster there perished at Montemurro six thousand; in Saponara two thousand; in Viggiano one thousand; and perhaps a thousand more in scattered villages in the same neighborhood. If to these be added ten thousand more, we certainly shall be within the mark.

Here, for the present, ends the interesting report of Mr. Major. Let his exertions be a lesson to each and all, as to what ONE man can do, and let every man properly estimate his power and his duties.

INSANE.

All day, with folded hands, she sits apart
From the wild, gibbering group within the cell.
The snowy muslin o'er her broken heart
Is never purer than her spirit's well;
And in her thralléd eyes, so strangely dark,
Broodeth a spell.

You would not deem her crazed—too much of peace
Drops on her face its holy-fingered calm;
And with the sad years of her life's increase
Her clouded soul drinks in new healing balm!
Waiting with trust till angels' hands shall bring
The victor's palm.

You sigh—I smile. I know she's happier now
Than when, in girlhood, scores knelt at her shrine;
When glowing sonnets praised her regal brow,
And in her honor flowed the ruby wine—
And high-born peers and nobles loudly swore
She was divine!

Then she walked proudly through her father's halls,
A thing of gorgeous loveliness and life;
Burning all hearts with her wild passion-falls,
And languorous ripeness in her being rife!
Waking a yearning in the Duke's proud breast
To call her *wife*.

Titles and wealth won not her envied love;
Men called her like the diamond—*bright and cold*;
But in herself she was a free, *brave* dove,
Too noble to be either bought or sold!
Scorning to barter her wide wealth of heart
For earthy gold.

Man may love beauty, fortune, wit, or sense,
And love again his first love's antipode;
But woman, with her being stamped *intense*,
Loves not by man's convenient, reasoning code,
But him for whom her life goes out in floods—
The Nile o'erflowed!

This woman loved her page: a calm-faced youth,
With earnest soul looking out through his eyes,
And forehead holy with the glow of truth,
And soft hair goldened by the tropic skies;
And he loved her as the Mohammedan
Loves Paradise.

The first awakening! on her soft, white breast
The boy's head rested. On her moist, red lips
The long, rich kiss of bursting love he pressed,
And envied not the king his nectar-sips;
For her warm breath put the whole range of joys
In dark eclipse.

But ah! the page writhes in her blessed embrace!
A far-off gleaming settles in his eyes,
A flush of purple agony creeps o'er his face,
One last, fond look—dead in her arms he lies!
Murdered by a cursed rival, who gloats long
O'er his death-sighs!

No more the light of reason crowns her brow—
A meek and harmless *nothingness* is hers;
She sits all day, making a lover's vow,
Beneath the shadows of the mourning firs;
No flower, no gem, no kinsman's soothing face
Her heart prefers.

They call her crazed. The dread Asylum's walls
Hold her for the brief time she has to wait,
Ere from the throned calms of Heaven's high halls
A summons comes to join her risen mate!
Till in the Day of Judgment *he* shall meet her
At the Gate!

Farmington, N. H., *May*, 1858.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

CHAPTER VII.—[Continued.]

"When I was young," resumed the Colonel, "I chanced to make acquaintance with a man of infinite whim and humor; fascinating as Darrell himself, though in a very different way. We called him Willy—you know the kind of man one calls by his Christian name, cordially abbreviated—that kind of man seems never to be quite grown up; and therefore never rises in life. I never knew a man called Willy after the age of thirty, who did not come to a melancholy end! Willy was the natural son of a rich, helter-skelter, cleverish, maddish, stylish, raffish, four-in-hand Baronet, by a celebrated French actress. The title is extinct now; and so, I believe, is that genus of stylish, raffish, four-in-hand Baronet. Sir Julian Losely—"

"Losely!" echoed Lionel.

"Yes; do you know the name?"

"I never heard it till yesterday. I want to tell you what I did hear then—but after your story—go on."

"Sir Julian Losely (Willy's father) lived with the French lady as his wife, and reared Willy in his house, with as much pride and fondness as if he intended him for his heir. The poor boy, I suspect, got but little regular education; though, of course, he spoke his French mother's tongue like a native; and, thanks also perhaps to his mother, he had an extraordinary talent for mimicry and acting. His father was passionately fond of private theatricals, and Willy had early practice in that line. I once saw him act Falstaff in a country-house, and I doubt if Quin could have acted it better. Well, when Willy was still a mere boy, he lost his mother, the actress. Sir Julian married—had a legitimate daughter—died intestate—and the daughter, of course, had the personal property, which was not much; the heir-at-law got the land, and poor Willy nothing. But Willy was a universal favorite with his father's old friends—wild fellows like Sir Julian himself: among them there were two cousins, with large country-houses, sporting men, and bachelors. They shared Willy between them, and quarreled which should have the most of him. So he grew up to be man, with no settled provision, but always welcome, not only to the two cousins, but at every house in which, like Milton's lark, 'he came to startle the dull night'—the most amusing companion!—a famous shot—a capital horseman—knew the ways of all animals, fishes, and birds; I verily believe he could have coaxed a pug-dog to point, and an owl to sing. Void of all malice, up to all fun. Imagine how much people would court, and how little they would do for, a Willy of that sort. Do I bore you?"

"On the contrary, I am greatly interested."

"One thing a Willy, if a Willy could be wise, ought to do for himself—keep single. A wedded Willy is in a false position. My Willy wedded—for love, too—an amiable girl, I believe—(I never saw her; it was long afterward that I knew Willy)—but as poor as himself. The friends and relatives then said—'This is serious; something *must* be done for Willy.' It was easy to say, 'something must be done,' and monstrous difficult to do it. While the relations were consulting, his half-sister, the Baronet's lawful daughter, died, unmarried; and, though she had ignored him in life, left him £2000. 'I have hit it now,' cried one of the cousins. 'Willy is fond of a country life. I will let him have a farm on a nominal rent, his £2000 will stock it; and his farm, which is surrounded by woods, will be a capital hunting meet. As long as I live Willy shall be mounted.'

"Willy took the farm, and astonished his friends by attending to it. It was just beginning to answer when his wife died, leaving him only one child—a boy; and her death made him so melancholy that he could no longer attend to his farm. He threw it up; invested the proceeds as a capital, and lived on the interest as a gentleman at large. He traveled over Europe for some time—chiefly on foot—came back, having recovered his spirits—resumed his old, desultory, purposeless life at different country-houses; and at one of those houses I and Charles Haughton met him. Here I pause, to state that Will Losely at that time impressed me with the idea that he was a thoroughly honest man. Though he was certainly no formalist—though he had lived with wild sets of convivial scapegraces—though, out of sheer high spirits, he would now and then make conventional Proprieties laugh at their own long faces; yet, I should have said, that Bayard himself—and Bayard was no saint—could not have been more incapable of a disloyal, rascally, shabby action. Nay, in the plain matter of integrity, his ideas might be called refined, almost Quixotic. If asked to give or to lend, Willy's hand was in his pocket in an instant; but though thrown among rich men—careless as himself—Willy never put his hand into their pockets, never borrowed, never owed. He would accept hospitality—make frank use of your table, your horses, your dogs—but your money, no! He repaid all he took from a host by rendering himself the pleasantest guest that host ever entertained. Poor Willy! I think I see his quaint smile brimming over with sly sport! The sound of his voice was like a cry of 'half holiday' in a school-room. He dishonest! I should as soon have suspected the noonday sun of being a dark lantern! I remember, when he and I were walking home from wild-duck shooting in advance of our companions, a short conversation between us that touched me greatly, for it showed that, under all his levity, there were sound sense and right feeling. I asked him about his son, then a boy at school. 'Why, as it was the Christmas vacation, he had refused our host's suggestion to let the lad come down there?' 'Ah,' said he, 'don't fancy that I will lead my son to grow up a scatter-brained good-for-naught like his father. His society is the joy of my life; whenever I have enough in my pockets to afford myself that joy, I go and hire a quiet lodging close by his school, to have him with me from Saturday till Monday all to myself—where he never hears wild fellows call me "Willy," and ask me to mimic. I had hoped to have spent this vacation with him in that way, but his school-bill was higher than usual, and after paying it I had not a guinea to spare—obliged to come here where they lodge and feed me for nothing; the boy's uncle on the mother's side—a respectable man in business—kindly takes him home for the holidays; but did not ask me, because his wife—and I don't blame her—thinks I'm too wild for a city clerk's sober household.'

"I asked Will Losely what he meant to do with his son, and hinted that I might get the boy a commission in the army without purchase.

"'No,' said Willy, 'I know what it is to set up for a gentleman on the capital of a beggar. It is to be a shuttlecock between discontent and temptation. I would not have my lost wife's son waste his life as I have done. He would be more spoiled, too, than I have been. The handsomest boy you ever saw—and bold as a lion. Once in that set"—(pointing over his shoulders toward some of our sporting comrades, whose loud laughter every now and then reached our ears)—'once in that set he would never be out of it—fit for nothing. I swore to his mother, on her death-bed, that I would bring him up to avoid my errors—that he should be no hanger-on and led-Captain! Swore to her that he should be reared according to his real station—the station of his mother's kin (*I* have no station)—and if I can but see him an honest British trader—respectable, upright, equal to the highest—because no rich man's dependent, and no poor man's jest—my ambition will be satisfied. And now you understand, Sir, why my boy is not here.' You would say a father who spoke thus had a man's honest stuff in him. Eh, Lionel?"

"Yes, and a true gentleman's heart, too!"

"So I thought; yet I fancied I knew the world! After that conversation I quitted our host's roof, and only once or twice afterward, at country houses, met William Losely again. To say truth, his chief patrons and friends were not exactly in my set. But your father continued to see Willy pretty often. They took a great fancy to each other. Charlie, you know, was jovial—fond of private theatricals, too; in short, they became great allies. Some years after, as ill luck would have it, Charles Haughton, while selling off his Middlesex property, was in immediate want of £1200. He could get it on a bill, but not without security. His bills were already rather down in the market, and he had already exhausted most of the friends whose security was esteemed by accommodators any better than his own. In an evil hour he had learned that poor Willy had just £1500 out upon mortgage; and the money-lender, who was lawyer for the property on which the mortgage was, knew it too. It was on the interest of this £1500 that Willy lived, having spent the rest of his little capital in settling his son as a clerk in a first-rate commercial house. Charles Haughton went down to shoot at the house where Willy was a guest—shot with him—drank with him—talked with him—proved to him, no doubt, that long before the three months were over the Middlesex property would be sold; the bill taken up, Willy might trust to his honor. Willy did trust. Like you, my dear Lionel, he had not the moral courage to say 'No.' Your father, I am certain, meant to repay him; your father never in cold blood meant to defraud any human being; but—your father gambled! A debt of honor at *piquet* preceded the claim of a bill-discounter. The £1200 were forestalled—your father was penniless. The money-lender came upon Willy. Sure that Charles Haughton would yet redeem his promise, Willy renewed the bill another three months on usurious terms; those months over, he came to town to find your father hiding between four walls, unable to stir out for fear of arrest. Willy had no option but to pay the money; and when your father knew that it was so paid, and that the usury had swallowed up the whole of Willy's little capital, then, I say, I saw upon Charles Haughton's once radiant face the saddest expression I ever saw on mortal man's. And sure I am that all the joys your father ever knew as a man of pleasure were not worth the agony and remorse of that moment. I respect your emotion, Lionel, but you begin as your father began; and if I had not told you this story you might have ended as your father ended."

Lionel's face remained covered, and it was only by choking gasps that he interrupted the Colonel's narrative. "Certainly," resumed Alban Morley, in a reflective tone, "Certainly that villain—I mean William Losely, for villain he afterward proved to be—had the sweetest, most forgiving temper! He might have gone about to his kinsmen and friends denouncing Charles Haughton, and saying by what solemn promises he had been undone. But no! such a story, just at that moment, would have crushed Charles Haughton's last chance of ever holding up his head again; and Charles told me (for it was through Charles that I knew the tale) that Willy's parting words to him were, 'Do not fret, Charlie. After all, my boy is now settled in life, and I am a cat with nine lives, and should fall on my legs if thrown out of a garret window. Don't fret.' So he kept the secret, and told the money-lender to hold his tongue. Poor Willy! I never asked a rich friend to lend me money but once in my life. It was then. I went to Guy Darrell, who was in full practice, and said to him, 'Lend me one thousand pounds. I may never repay you.' 'Five thousand pounds, if you like it,' said he. 'One will do.' I took the money, and sent it to Willy. Alas! he returned it, writing word that 'Providence had been very kind to him; he had just been appointed to a capital place, with a magnificent salary. The cat had fallen on its legs.' He bade me comfort Haughton with that news. The money went back into Darrell's pocket, and perhaps wandered thence to Charles Haughton's creditors. Now for the appointment. At the country house, to which Willy had returned destitute, he had met a stranger (no relation), who said to him, 'You live with these people—shoot their game—break in their horses—see to their farms—and they give you nothing! You are no longer very young—you should lay by your little income, and add to it. Live with me, and I will give you £300 a year. I am parting with my steward—take his place, but be my friend.' William Losely, of course, closed with the proposition. This gentleman, whose name was Gunston, I had known slightly in former times (people say I know every body)—a soured, bilious, melancholy, indolent, misanthropical old bachelor. With a magnificent place universally admired, and a large estate universally envied, he lived much alone, ruminating on the bitterness of life and the nothingness of worldly blessings. Meeting Willy at the country house to which, by some predestined relaxation of misanthropy, he had been decoyed, for the first time for years Mr. Gunston was heard to laugh. He said to himself, 'Here is a man who actually amuses me.' William Losely contrived to give the misanthrope a new zest of existence; and when he found that business could be made pleasant, the rich man conceived an interest in his own house, gardens, property. For the sake of William's merry companionship he would even ride over his farms, and actually carried a gun. Meanwhile the property, I am told, was really well managed. Ah! that fellow Willy was a born genius, and could have managed every body's affairs except his own. I heard of all this with pleasure (people say I hear every thing)—when one day a sporting man seizes me by the button at Tattersall's—'Do you know the news? Will Losely is in prison on a charge of robbing his employer!'"

"Robbing! incredible!" exclaimed Lionel.

"My dear Lionel, it was after hearing that news that I established as invariable my grand maxim, *Nil admirari*—never to be astonished at any thing!"

"But of course he was innocent?"

"On the contrary, he confessed, was committed; pleaded guilty, and was transported! People who knew Willy said that Gunston ought to have declined to drag him before a magistrate, or, at the subsequent trial, have abstained from giving evidence against him; that Willy had been till then a faithful steward; the whole proceeds of the estate had passed through his hands; he might, in transactions for timber, have cheated, undetected, to twice the amount of the alleged robbery; it must have been a momentary aberration of reason; the rich man should have let him off. But I side with the rich man. His last belief in his species was annihilated. He must have been inexorable. He could never be amused, never be interested again. He *was* inexorable and—vindictive."

"But what were the facts?—what was the evidence?"

"Very little came out on the trial; because, in pleading guilty, the court had merely to consider the evidence which had sufficed to commit him. The trial was scarcely noticed in the London papers. William Losely was not like a man known about town. His fame was confined to those who resorted to old-fashioned country houses, chiefly single men, for the sake of sport. But stay. I felt such an interest in the case that I made an abstract or *precis*, not only of all that appeared, but all that I could learn of its leading circumstances. 'Tis a habit of mine, whenever any of my acquaintances embroil themselves with the Crown—" The Colonel rose, unlocked a small glazed book-case, selected from the contents a MS. volume, reseated himself, turned the pages, found the place sought, and, reading from it, resumed his narrative. "'One evening Mr. Gunston came to William Losely's private apartment. Losely had two or three rooms appropriated to himself in one side of the house, which was built in a quadrangle round a court-yard. When Losely opened his door to Mr. Gunston's knock, it struck Mr. Gunston that his manner seemed confused. After some talk on general subjects, Losely said that he had occasion to go to London next morning for a few days on private business of his own. This annoyed Mr. Gunston. He observed that Losely's absence just then would be inconvenient. He reminded him that a tradesman, who lived at a distance, was coming over the next day to be paid for a vinery he had lately erected, and on the charge for which there was a dispute. Could not Losely at least stay to settle it? Losely replied, "that he had already, by correspondence, adjusted the dispute, having suggested deductions which the tradesman had agreed to, and that Mr. Gunston would only have to give a check for the balance—viz., £270." Thereon Mr. Gunston remarked, "If you were not in the habit of paying my bills for me out of what you receive, you would know that I seldom give checks. I certainly shall not give one now, for I have the money in the house." Losely observed, "that is a bad habit of yours keeping large sums in your own house. You may be robbed." Gunston answered, "Safer than lodging large sums in a country bank. Country banks break. My grandfather lost £1000 by the failure of a country bank; and my father, therefore, always took his payments in cash, remitting them to London from time to time as he went thither himself. I do the same, and I have never been robbed of a farthing that I know of. Who would rob a great house like this, full of men-servants?" "That's true," said Losely; "so if you are sure you have as much by you, you will pay the bill, and have done with it. I shall be back before Sparks the builder comes to be paid for the new barns to the home farm—that will be £600; but I shall be taking money for timber next week. He can be paid out of that." Gunston. "No, I will pay Sparks, too, out of what I have in my bureau; and the timber-merchant can pay his debt into my London banker's." Losely. "Do you mean that you have enough for both these bills actually in the house?" Gunston. "Certainly, in the bureau in my study. I don't know how much I've got. It may be £1500—it may be £1700. I have not counted; I am such a bad man of business; but I am sure it is more than £1400." Losely made some jocular observation to the effect that if Gunston never kept an account of what he had, he could never tell whether he was robbed, and, therefore, never would be robbed; since, according to Othello,

> "He that is robbed, not wanting what is stolen,
> Let him not know it, and he's not robbed at all."

After that, Losely became absent in manner, and seemed impatient to get rid of Mr. Gunston, hinting that he had the labor-book to look over, and some orders to write out for the bailiff, and that he should start early the next morning.'"

Here the Colonel looked up from his MS., and said, episodically, "Perhaps you will fancy that these dialogues are invented by me after the fashion of the ancient historians? Not so. I give you the report of what passed, as Gunston repeated it *verbatim;* and I suspect that his memory was pretty accurate. Well" (here Alban returned to his MS.), "'Gunston left Willy, and went into his own study, where he took tea by himself. When his valet brought it in, he told the man that Mr. Losely was going to town early the next morning, and ordered the servant to see himself that coffee was served to Mr. Losely before he went. The servant observed "that Mr. Losely had seemed much out of sorts lately, and that it was perhaps some unpleasant affair connected with the gentleman who had come to see him two days before." Gunston had not heard of such a visit. Losely had not mentioned it. When the servant retired, Gunston, thinking over Losely's quotation respecting his money, resolved to ascertain what he had in his bureau. He opened it, examined the drawers, and found, stowed away in different places at different times, a larger sum than he had supposed—gold and notes to the amount of £1975, of which nearly £300 were in sovereigns. He smoothed the notes carefully; and, for want of other occupation, and with the view of showing Losely that he could profit by a hint, he entered the numbers of the notes in his pocket-book, placed them all together in one drawer with the gold, relocked his bureau, and went shortly afterward to bed. The next day (Losely having gone in the morning) the tradesman came to be paid for the vinery. Gunston went to his bureau, took out his notes, and found £250 were gone. He could hardly believe his senses. Had he made a mistake in counting? No. There was his pocket-book, the missing notes entered duly therein. Then he recounted the sovereigns, 142 were gone of them—nearly £400 in all thus abstracted. He refused at first to admit suspicion of Losely; but, on interrogating his servants, the valet deposed, that he was disturbed about two o'clock in the morning by the bark of the house-dog, which was let loose of a night within the front court-yard of the house. Not apprehending robbers, but fearing the dog might also disturb his master, he got out of his window (being on the ground-floor) to pacify the animal; that he then saw, in the opposite angle of the building, a light moving along the casement of the passage between Losely's rooms and Mr. Gunston's study. Surprised at this, at such an hour, he approached that part of the building, and saw the light very faintly through the chinks in the shutters of the study. The passage windows had no shutters, being old-fashioned stone mullions. He waited by the wall a few minutes, when the light again reappeared in the passage; and he saw a figure in a cloak, which, being in a peculiar color, he recognized at once as Losely's, pass rapidly along; but before the figure had got half through the passage, the light was extinguished, and the servant could see no more. But so positive was he, from his recognition of the cloak, that the man was Losely, that he ceased to feel alarm or surprise, thinking, on reflection, that Losely, sitting up later than usual to transact business before his departure, might have gone into his employer's study for any book or paper which he might have left there. The dog began barking again, and seemed anxious to get out of the court-yard to which he was confined; but the servant gradually appeased him—went to bed, and somewhat overslept himself. When he woke, he hastened to take the coffee into Losely's room, but Losely was gone. Here there was another suspicious circumstance. It had been a question how the bureau had been opened, the key being safe in Gunston's possession, and there being no sign of force. The lock was one of those rude, old-fashioned ones which are very easily picked, but to which a modern key does not readily fit. In the passage there was found a long nail crooked at the end; and that nail the superintendent of the police (who had been summoned) had the wit to apply to the lock of the bureau, and it unlocked and relocked it easily. It was clear that whoever had so shaped the nail could not have used such an instrument for the first time, and must be a practiced picklock. That, one would suppose at first, might exonerate Losely; but he was so clever a fellow at all mechanical contrivances, that, coupled with the place of finding, the nail made greatly against him; and still more so, when some nails precisely similar were found on the chimney-piece of an inner-room in his apartment, a room between that in which he had received Gunston and his bed-chamber, and used by him both as study and workshop, the nails, indeed, which were very long and narrow, with a Gothic ornamental head, were at once recognized by the carpenter on the estate as having been made according to Losely's directions, for a garden-bench to be placed in Gunston's favorite walk, Gunston having remarked, some days before, that he should like a seat there, and Losely having undertaken to make one from a design by Pugin. Still loth to believe in Losely's guilt, Gunston went to London with the police superintendent, the valet, and the neighboring attorney. They had no difficulty in finding Losely; he was at his son's lodgings in the City, near the commercial house in which the son was a clerk. On being told of the robbery, he seemed at first unaffectedly surprised, evincing no fear. He was asked whether he had gone into the study about two o'clock in the morning? He said, "No; why should I?" The valet exclaimed, "But I saw you—I knew you by that old gray cloak, with the red lining. Why, there it is now—on that chair yonder. I'll swear it is the same." Losely then began to tremble visibly, and grew extremely pale. A question was next put to him as to the nail, but he seemed quite stupefied, muttering, "Good Heavens! the cloak—you mean to say you saw that cloak?" They searched his person—found on him some sovereigns, silver, and one bank-note for five pounds. The number on that bank-note corresponded with a number in Gunston's pocket-book. He was asked to say where he got that five-pound note. He refused to answer. Gunston said, "It is one of the notes stolen from me!" Losely cried, fiercely, "Take care what you say. How do you know?" Gunston replied, "I took an account of the numbers of my notes on leaving your room. Here is the memorandum in my pocket-book—see—" Losely looked, and fell back as if shot. Losely's brother-in-law was in the room at the time, and he exclaimed, "Oh, William! you can't be guilty. You are the honestest fellow in the world. There must be some mistake, gentlemen. Where did you get the note, William—say?" Losely made no answer, but seemed lost in thought or stupefaction. "I will go for your son, William—perhaps he may help to explain." Losely then seemed to wake up. "My son! what! would you expose me before my son? he's gone into the country, as you know. What has he to do with it? I took the notes—there—I have confessed. Have done with it," or words to that effect.'

"Nothing more of importance," said the Colonel, turning over the leaves of his MS., "except to account for the crime. And here we come back to the money-lender. You remember the valet said that a gentleman had called on Losely two days before the robbery. This proved to be the identical bill-discounter to whom Losely had paid away his fortune. This person deposed that Losely had written to him some days before, stating that he wanted to borrow two or three hundred pounds, which he could repay by installments out of his salary. What would be the terms? The money-lender having occasion to be in the neighborhood, called to discuss the matter in person, and to ask if Losely could not get some other person to join in security—suggesting his brother-in-law. Losely replied that it was a favor he would never ask any one; that his brother-in-law had no pecuniary means beyond his salary as a senior clerk; and, supposing that he (Losely) lost his place, which he might any day, if Gunston were displeased with him—how then could he be sure that his debt would not fall on the security? Upon which the money-lender remarked that the precarious nature of his income was the very reason why a security was wanted. And Losely answered, 'Ay; but you know that you incur that risk, and charge accordingly. Between you and me the debt and the hazard are mere matter of business, but between me and my security it would be a matter of honor.' Finally the money-lender agreed to find the sum required, though asking very high terms. Losely said he would consider, and let him know. There the conversation ended. But Gunston inquired 'if Losely had ever had dealings with the money-lender before, and for what purpose it was likely he would want the money now?' and the money-lender answered 'that probably Losely had some sporting or gaming speculations on the sly, for that it was to pay a gambling debt that he had joined Captain Haughton in a bill for £1200.' And Gunston afterward told a friend of mine that this it was that decided him to appear as a witness at the trial; and you will observe that if Gunston had kept away, there would have been no evidence sufficient to insure conviction. But Gunston considered that the man who could gamble away his whole fortune must be incorrigible, and that Losely, having concealed from him that he had become destitute by such transactions, must have been more than a mere security in a joint bill with Captain Haughton. Gunston could never have understood such an inconsistency in human nature, that the same man who broke open his bureau should have become responsible to the amount of his fortune for a debt of which he had not shared the discredit, and still less that such a man should, in case he had been so generously imprudent, have concealed his loss out of delicate tenderness for the character of the man to whom he owed his ruin. Therefore, in short, Gunston looked on his dishonest steward, not as a man tempted by a sudden impulse in some moment of distress, at which a previous life was belied, but as a confirmed, dissimulating sharper, to whom public justice allowed no mercy. And thus, Lionel, William Losely was prosecuted, tried, and sentenced to seven years' transportation. By pleading guilty, the term was probably made shorter than it otherwise would have been."

Lionel continued too agitated for words. The Colonel, not seeming to heed his emotions, again ran his eye over the MS.

"I observe here that there are some queries entered as to the evidence against Losely. The solicitor whom, when I heard of his arrest, I engaged and sent down to the place on his behalf—"

"You did! Heaven reward you!" sobbed out Lionel. "But my father?—where was he?"

"Then?—in his grave."

Lionel breathed a deep sigh, as of thankfulness.

"The lawyer, I say—a sharp fellow—was of opinion that if Losely had refused to plead guilty, he could have got him off in spite of his first confession—turned the suspicion against some one else. In the passage where the nail was picked up, there was a door into the park. That door was found unbolted in the inside the next morning; a thief might therefore have thus entered, and passed at once into the study. The nail was discovered close by that door; the thief might have dropped it on putting out his light, which, by the valet's account, he must have done, when he was near the door in question, and required the light no more. Another circumstance in Losely's favor. Just outside the door, near a laurel-bush, was found the fag-end of one of those small rose-colored wax-lights which are often placed in lucifer match-boxes. If this had been used by the thief, it would seem as if, extinguishing the light before he stepped into the air, he very naturally jerked away the morsel of taper left, when, in the next moment, he was out of the house. But Losely would not have gone out of the house; nor was he, nor any one about the premises, ever known to make use of that kind of taper, which would rather appertain to the fashionable fopperies of a London dandy. You will have observed, too, the valet had not seen the thief's face. His testimony rested solely on the colors of a cloak, which, on cross-examination, might have gone for nothing. The dog had barked before the light was seen. It was not the light that made him bark. He wished to get out of the court-yard; that looked as if there were some stranger in the grounds beyond. Following up this clew, the lawyer ascertained that a strange man had been seen in the park toward the gray of the evening, walking up in the direction of the house. And here comes the strong point. At the railway station, about five miles from Mr. Gunston's, a strange man had arrived just in time to take his place in the night train from the north toward London, stopping there at four o'clock in the morning. The station-master remembered the stranger buying the ticket, but did not remark his appearance. The porter did, however, so far notice him, as he hurried into a first-class carriage, that he said afterward to the station-master, 'Why, that gentleman has a gray cloak just like Mr. Losely's. If he had not been thinner and taller, I should have thought it was Mr. Losely.' Well, Losely went to the same station the next morning, taking an early train, going thither on foot, with his carpet-bag in his hand; and both the porter and station-master declared that he had no cloak on him at the time; and as he got into a second-class carriage, the porter even said to him, ''Tis a sharp morning, Sir; I'm afraid you'll be cold.' Furthermore, as to the purpose for which Losely had wished to borrow of the money-lender, his brother-in-law stated that Losely's son had been extravagant, had contracted debts, and was even hiding from his creditors in a country town, at which William Losely had stopped for a few hours on his way to London. He knew the young man's employer had written kindly to Losely several days before, lamenting the son's extravagance; intimating that unless his debts were discharged, he must lose the situation in which otherwise he might soon rise to competence, for that he was quick and sharp; and that it was impossible not to feel indulgent toward him, he was so lively and so good-looking. The trader added that he would forbear to dismiss the young man as long as he could. It was on the receipt of that letter that Losely had entered into communication with the money-lender, whom he had come to town to seek, and to whose house he was actually going at the very hour of Gunston's arrival. But why borrow of the money-lender, if he had just stolen more money than he had any need to borrow?

"The most damning fact against Losely, by the discovery in his possession of the £5 note, of which Mr. Gunston deposed to have taken the number, was certainly hard to get over; still an ingenious lawyer might have thrown doubt on Gunston's testimony—a man confessedly so careless might have mistaken the number, etc. The lawyer went, with these hints for defense, to see Losely himself in prison; but Losely declined his help—became very angry—said that he would rather suffer death itself than have suspicion transferred to some innocent man; and that, as to the cloak, it had been inside his carpet bag. So you see, bad as he was, there was something inconsistently honorable left in him still. Poor Willy! he would not even subpœna any of his old friends as to his general character. But even if he had, what could the Court do since he pleaded guilty? And now dismiss that subject, it begins to pain me extremely. You were to speak to me about some one of the same name when my story was concluded. What is it?"

"I am so confused," faltered Lionel, still quivering with emotion, "that I can scarcely answer you—scarcely recollect myself. But—but—while you were describing this poor William Losely, his talent for mimicry and acting, I could not help thinking that I had seen him." Lionel proceeded to speak of Gentleman Waife, "Can that be the man?"

Alban shook his head incredulously. He thought it so like a romantic youth to detect imaginary resemblances.

"No," said he, "my dear boy. My William Losely could never become a strolling player in a village fair. Besides, I have good reason to believe that Willy is well off; probably made money in the colony by some lucky hit: for when do you say you saw your stroller? Five years ago? Well, not very long before that date—perhaps a year or two—less than two years I am sure—this eccentric rascal sent Mr. Gunston, the man who had transported him, £100! Gunston, you must know, feeling more than ever bored and hipped when he lost Willy, tried to divert himself by becoming director in some railway company. The company proved a bubble; all turned their indignation on the one rich man who could pay where others cheated. Gunston was ruined—purse and character—fled to Calais; and there, less than seven years ago, when in great distress, he received from poor Willy a kind, affectionate, forgiving, letter, and £100. I have this from Gunston's nearest relation, to whom he told it, crying like a child. Willy gave no address; but it is clear that at the time he must have been too well off to turn mountebank at your miserable exhibition. Poor, dear, rascally, infamous, big-hearted Willy," burst out the Colonel. "I wish to Heaven he had only robbed me!"

"Sir," said Lionel, "rely upon it, that man you describe never robbed any one—'tis impossible."

"No—very possible!—human nature," said Alban Morley. "And, after all, he really owed Gunston that £100. For out of the sum stolen, Gunston received anonymously, even before the trial, all the missing notes, minus about that £100; and Willy therefore owed Gunston the money, but not, perhaps, that kind, forgiving letter. Pass on—quick—the subject is worse than the gout. You have heard before the name of Losely—possibly. There are many members of the old Baronet's family; but when or where did you hear it?"

"I will tell you; the man who holds the bill (ah, the word sickens me!) reminded me when he called that I had seen him at my mother's house—a chance acquaintance of hers—professed great regard for me—great admiration for Mr. Darrell—and then surprised me by asking if I had never heard Mr. Darrell speak of Mr. Jasper Losely."

"Jasper!" said the Colonel; "Jasper!—well, go on."

"When I answered 'No,' Mr. Poole (that is his name) shook his head, and muttered—'A sad affair—very bad business—I could do Mr. Darrell a great service if he would let me;' and then went on talking what seemed to me impertinent gibberish about 'family exposures' and 'poverty making men desperate,' and 'better compromise matters;' and finally wound up by begging me, 'if I loved Mr. Darrell, and wished to guard him from very great annoyance and suffering, to persuade him to give Mr. Poole an interview.' Then he talked about his own character in the City, and so forth, and entreating me 'not to think of paying him till quite convenient; that he would keep the bill in his desk; nobody should know of it; too happy to do me a favor'—laid his card on the table, and went away. Tell me, should I say any thing to Mr. Darrell about this or not?"

"Certainly not, till I have seen Mr. Poole myself. You have the money to pay him about you? Give it to me with Mr. Poole's address; I will call and settle the matter. Just ring the bell." (To the servant, entering) "Order my horse round." Then, when they were again alone, turning to Lionel abruptly, laying one hand on his shoulder, with the other grasping his hand warmly, cordially, "Young man," said Alban Morley, "I love you—I am interested in you—who would not be? I have gone through this story; put myself positively to pain—which I hate—solely for your good. You see what usury and money-lenders bring men to. Look me in the face! Do you feel now that you would have the 'moral courage' you before doubted of? Have you done with such things forever?"

"Forever, so help me Heaven! The lesson has been cruel, but I do thank and bless you for it."

"I knew you would. Mark this! never treat money affairs with levity—MONEY IS CHARACTER! Stop. I have bared a father's fault to a son. It was necessary—or even in his grave those faults might have revived in you. Now, I add this, if Charles Haughton—like you, handsome, high-spirited, favored by men, spoiled by women—if Charles Haughton, on entering life, could have seen, in the mirror I have held up to you, the consequences of pledging the morrow to pay for to-day, Charles Haughton would have been shocked as you are, cured as you will be. Humbled by your own first error, be lenient to all his. Take up his life where I first knew it; when his heart was loyal, his lips truthful. Raze out the interval; imagine that he gave birth to you in order to replace the leaves of existence we thus blot out and tear away. In every error avoided say, 'Thus the father warns the son;' in every honorable action or hard self-sacrifice, say, 'Thus the son pays a father's debt.'"

Lionel, clasping his hands together, raised his eyes streaming with tears, as if uttering inly a vow to Heaven. The Colonel bowed his soldier-crest with religious reverence, and glided from the room noiselessly.

MONUMENT TO COL. WM. WASHINGTON, AT CHARLESTON, S. C.

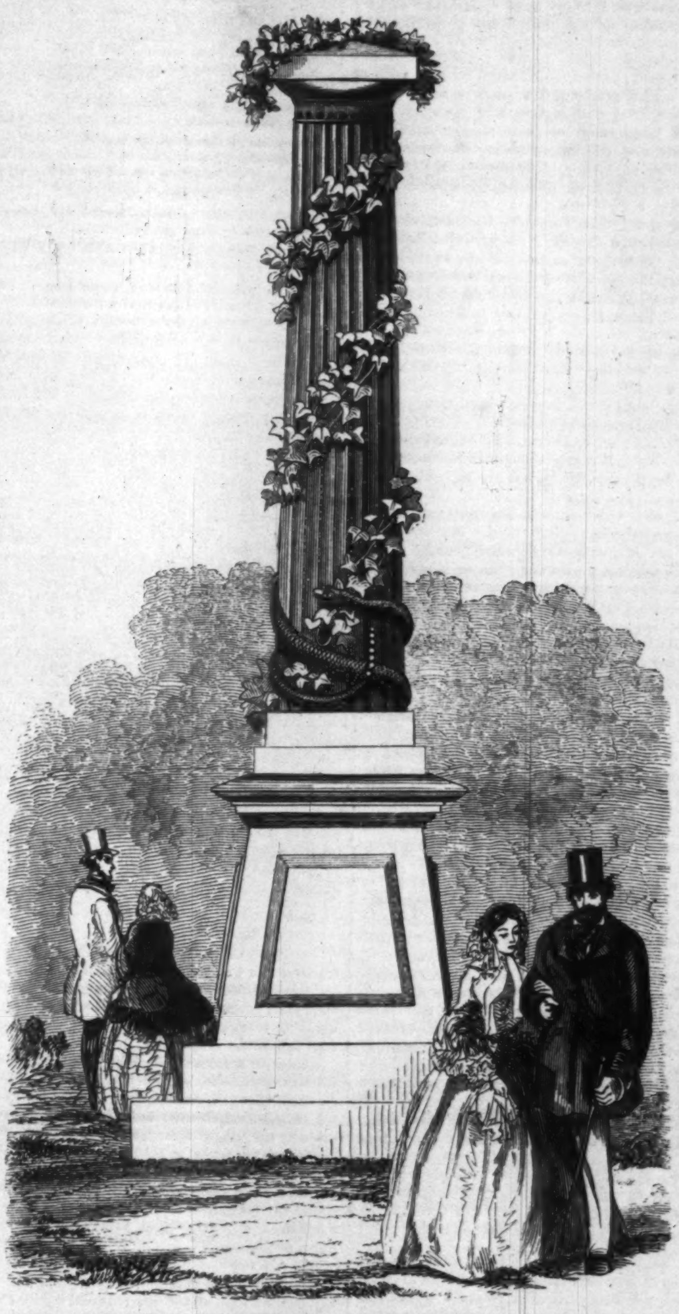
WE engrave herewith the graceful monument which has lately been erected to the memory of Colonel William Washington and his wife, in the Magnolia Cemetery at Charleston, South Carolina. The monument was erected by the Washington Light Infantry, a corps to which Mrs. Washington confided the flag which her husband's partisan force bore at Eutaw and Cowpens. It stands near the centre of the cemetery.

The design is simple and appropriate, being a Grecian Doric column, elevated upon three steps and a pedestal; a vine of ivy, springing from the base of the column, entwines its shaft and falls gracefully over its capital, and a rattlesnake, coiled around column and ivy, embraces both within its folds. The Doric column, which by the Greeks was used in buildings dedicated to their gods and heroes, is aptly illustrative of heroic and manly virtue. The ivy symbol of conjugal fidelity is the wife clinging to and supported by her noble husband, whose chief ornament and crown of glory she is; and the rattlesnake entwined around both is the Southern country, vigilant and ready to protect their memory. The die of the pedestal, which is the frustrum of a pyramid, has upon its sides raised panels, bearing appropriate inscriptions. The proportions of the column are in accordance with those from the Temple of Theseus, at Athens. The entire monument is fourteen feet in height, of white Italian marble, and located upon a mound four feet high.

Colonel Washington's life and services are too well known to need to be recounted here. Though born a Virginian, he spent most of his life, won his glory, and found a grave in South Carolina. As Mr. Porcher Miles said, in the speech he made at the inauguration of the monument, "The name and reputation of Colonel Washington are indissolubly united with South Carolina. Upon her soil, when overrun by the enemy, in defense of her people, when almost in despair, he fought long and well. With her he triumphed. Within her borders, which, by choice, became his own loved country, he lived out his honorable and well-spent life, and in her bosom his bones repose. It is not unnatural, therefore, that we should take peculiar pride and pleasure in recurring to his exploits and dwelling upon his services, occupying, as they do, so conspicuous a place in our State history."

Professor J. H. Dickson "pronounced" an ode on the occasion, from which we extract the following:

"Light lie the turf on all our sacred dead
Who toiled to save us from such foul disgrace;
Over their ashes softly let us tread,
And, on our fond records, familiar read,
Their names find ever a most cherished place;
Let every battle-field its tumulus have,
And e'en our nameless soldiery a storied grave.
Let us no longer blush when asked to show
The tomb where Greene lies mouldering below.
Let well-wrought urn or obelisk, pointing high,
Tell us where Davie, Marion, Sumter lie;
And more than all, and far above the rest,
And dear to every patriotic breast,
Let us redeem and consecrate forever
That holy spot on proud Virginia's river—
The Mecca of our nation's heart, the shrine
Supreme in our affections—not divine—
But only less than that—Mount Vernon's soil,
Secured and set apart with grateful toil:
The garden of our country, crowned, and filled
With all the glories of the rising morn;
With every beauty that best artists skilled
To plant, to paint, to sculpture, to adorn,
Can heap around, within, about the place,
Where dwelt and died the noblest of our race.



MONUMENT TO COLONEL WILLIAM WASHINGTON, CHARLESTON, S. C.

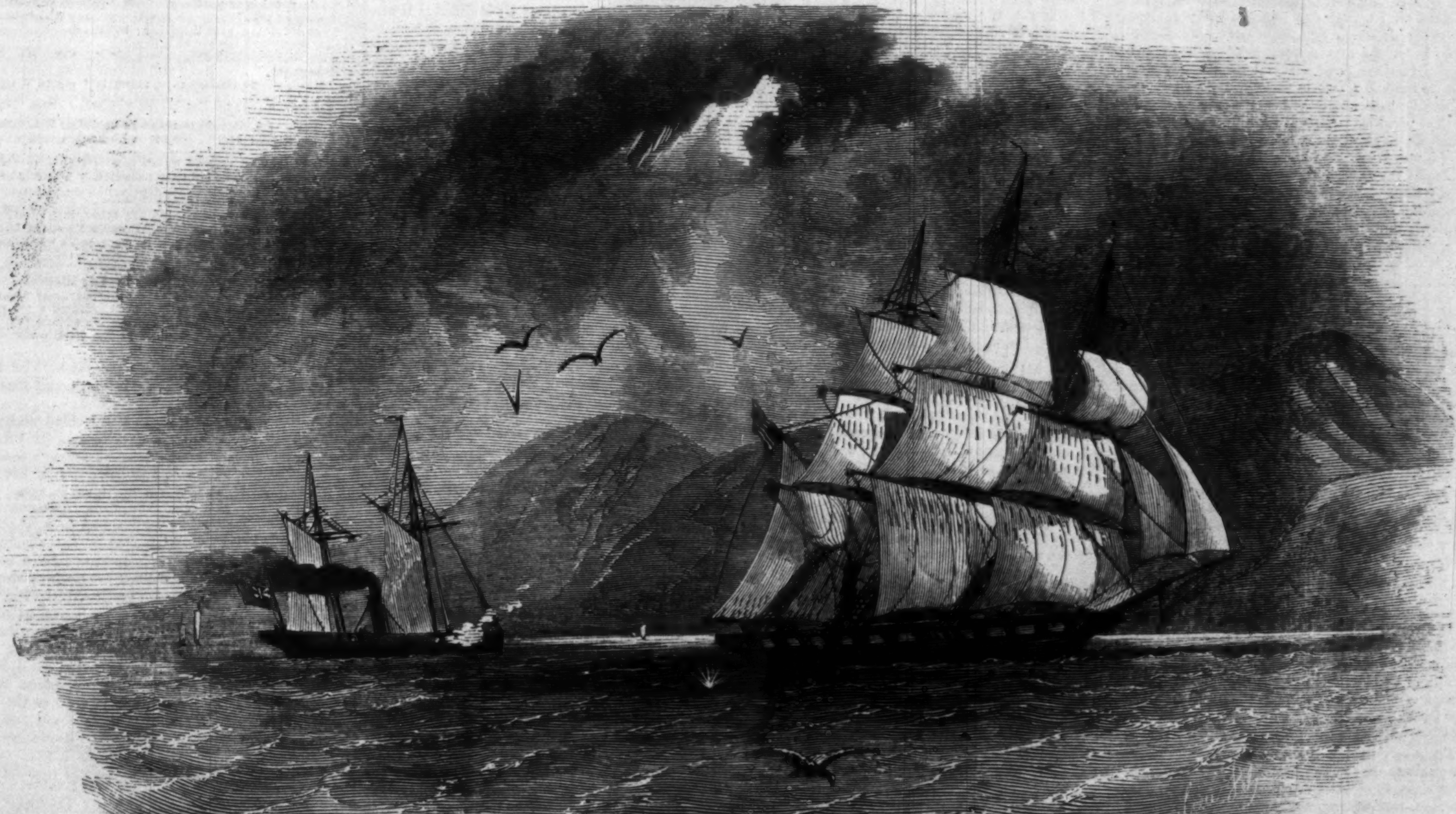
Soldiers!—whose pious care
Has raised, to decorate your native soil
With lasting radiance of the name you bear,
This monumental pile—
Remember that you hold, in sacred trust,
From her whose heart lies buried with his dust
(A generous confidence, most worthily placed),
His glorious banner, faded, pierced, and worn—
A venerable relic, proudly borne:
Such guardianship the noblest knights had graced!
Long in your faithful keeping may it wave
In honor of the true, the free, the brave!!
Read here your lofty mission—thus impressed,
Filling with ardor every youthful breast:
To fix with fond record each fading trace
Of valorous deeds, and point their hallowed place.
Haste ye to allot them now, ere cold delay,
Or Time's slow finger smooth each line away;
Stamp them in stone and iron—thus to last
Until our nation's very life is past.
Fulfill your task—as you have nobly wrought;
Mark every field, mountain, or wood, or plain
Where Freedom's battles—LOST OR WON—were fought;
No drop of patriot blood was shed in vain.
Give thus a great example to our age,
And make our wide domain one bright historic page."

THE OUTRAGE ON THE "TROPIC BIRD."

THE American ship *Tropic Bird*, Captain C. Foulkes, bound from Port au Prince, Hayti, to Philadelphia, with a cargo of coffee and logwood, was, when about six miles from Inagua, one of the Bahama Isles, forcibly brought to and boarded by the British gun-boat *Jasper*. The various circumstances attending this incident constitute it one of the most wanton of the recent British blunders. These circumstances, which are more easily understood by sailors than by landsmen, are thus briefly stated by Captain Foulkes:

"The *Jasper*, on nearing the *Tropic Bird*, fired a gun, when I ran up my colors and kept on my course; she then finding that we were passing her, fired a shot across our stern, and while I was in stays fired another. I then hove to, and an officer from the *Jasper* came on board. I asked him by what right he stopped an American ship on the high seas? He said that they had been apprised of several vessels being expected with slaves, and that they took us for one. He then asked me to see my papers, to which demand, after remonstrating, I submitted. He then turned toward his boat, and I ordered the ship to fill away; at that order the officer told me that I should be fired into if I proceeded before he left the ship, which threat I disregarded. At the time the *Jasper* fired the two shotted guns she was not more than four hundred yards distant, and there being on board eighteen passengers in all, eleven of whom were women and children, they could be plainly seen without a glass."

Now to a sailor there are certain signs about a vessel which very plainly proclaim not only her nationality, but also, to a certain extent, her business. A slaver is invariably very sharp-built, with long, rakish masts, carrying a cloud of canvas. To enable her to sail well, care is taken not to load her too deeply, and to trim her exactly. Such a vessel could scarcely be mistaken, if met on the high seas. The *Tropic Bird* was deeply laden, having on board a full cargo of coffee and logwood; instead of going along under a press of canvas, she was, all the time the *Jasper* saw her, beating lazily along shore under easy sail; unlike a suspicious craft, whose commander would have shown his appreciation of danger by frequent alterations of his course, the *Tropic Bird* stood on her course, paying no heed to the presence of John Bull, rapidly as the latter came up; any one but a booby or a malicious person would have recog-



OUTRAGE ON THE "TROPIC BIRD" BY THE BRITISH GUN-BOAT "JASPER."

nized the ship's business ere she hoisted her colors. But the captain of the *Jasper* was so far from satisfied, when within four hundred yards of the ship, although then able to see standing on her decks *white* women and children — who would assuredly find no place in a slaver — that he saw fit to fire a *shotted* gun across her stern; and then, anxious lest a ship *going under easy sail* should, when within a few hundred yards, escape a *steamer*, fired another shot across her bows as she came about. His excuse for this outrageous conduct was that he took the *Tropic Bird* for a slaver — a statement which must have made his own sailors grin. We venture to suggest that it would pay the British Lords of the Admiralty to place more wide-awake men in command of the vessels they send out to overhaul slavers. Such officers as the captain of the *Jasper* will soon make the British navy a laughing-stock to the seamen of other nations.

I HAVE MANY SHIPS AT SEA.

I have many ships at sea—
Ships that sailed when winds were fair—
When those ships come home to me,
Laden with a cargo rare,
If you wait,
You shall have one-half their freight.

I have one—a gallant bark—
Freighted with a home and love;
Many a time, at midnight dark,
Have I prayed to Heaven above,
If I wait,
That this ship comes not too late.

I have one—a shattered wreck—
Tossing on a troubled sea;
Wife and children walk her deck;
She will not come home to me;
But I'll wait—
God is merciful and great.

I have one, with treasure rare,
This one will I give to thee,
If thou wilt but add thy prayer,
That the rest come home to me.
Then I'll wait—
Caring not for worldly freight.

WHO WAS THE AUTHOR OF THE ORDINANCE OF 1787?

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly.

In an obituary notice of the Hon. Joseph Dane, published in your *Weekly* of the 15th ultimo, you observe, "Mr. Dane was nephew of the Hon. Nathan Dane, of Beverly, Massachusetts, whose *name* is so honorably associated with the great charter of Free Soil, the Ordinance of 1787." The great and deservedly popular circulation of your valuable *Weekly* induces me to ask of you, *Was* Nathan Dane its author? In looking over those great speeches on Foot's Land Bill (1830), Mr. Webster ventured the assertion, without offering the least shadow of proof, that he *was* the author, and classed him with Solon, Lycurgus, and others, for its philanthropy. Mr. Benton, in reply, totally denied to him such merits, and read from the journal of the House to disprove Mr. W.'s assertion, this: "On motion of *Th. Jefferson*, seconded by Mr. Grayson, of Vermont (with the Ays and Nays on it), that this *identical* bill was the labor of Mr. Jefferson two years before Mr. Dane had the honor of a seat in Congress." I beg your attention to those Speeches, and respectfully ask of you to correct a fact in *history*, and to tell us *who* was its *real* author. I am aware that the friends of Mr. Dane *claim* it for him, as also does he himself; so also does he admit that a great portion of it was taken from Mr. Jefferson's. He further denies the authorship in *fact* of the Declaration of Independence to Mr. Jefferson; and on the same parity of reasoning should he deny to himself this claim for the Ordinance of '87. Mr. Dane was a violent partisan of the old Federal school, and a member of the "Hartford Convention;" consequently, the reasons are as plenty as blackberries why he speaks so disparagingly of Mr. Jefferson. Posterity, however, awards to Mr. Jefferson the highest attributes of a statesman and profound reasoner; and although Mr. Dane thinks him no lawyer, his review of Marshall's opinions on the cases of Marbury *vs.* Madison, and Cohen *vs.* State of Virginia, with the forgery of English Judges, show him to be so "well posted up" in matters of *Constitutional* Law that even the respectable name of Nathan Dane can not affect. He was no "Blackstone Lawyer," it is true; but his writings show him well versed in the more elevated science of "Coke's Littleton" than most lawyers of his day. Hadley has always claimed for himself the invention of the quadrant, which he stole from the Yankee Godfrey.

Now, if it is possible through the diversity of opinions prevalent among us to ascertain *who* is *entitled* to the merit of originating the Ordinance of 1787, I beg of you to set us aright. This is the *only* motive that induces me to trouble you with this; and I feel sure it will be gratifying to a vast portion of our countrymen both sides of "Mason and Dixon's line." N.

Savannah, *May*, 1858.

Reply.—We think the question was settled by the publication, by Mr. Charles King, of New York, of an autograph letter of Mr. Dane's to his father, the Hon. Rufus King, written a few days after the passage of the Ordinance. In that letter Mr. Dane says: "When I drew the Ordinance (which passed, a few words excepted, as I originally formed it), I had no idea the States would agree to the sixth article, prohibiting slavery, as only Massachusetts, of the Eastern States, was present, and therefore omitted it in the draft; but, finding the House favorably disposed on the subject, after we had completed the other parts, I moved the article, which was agreed to without opposition."—*See Curtis's History of the Constitution of the United States.*

Miscellany.

—A writer on British and German University life thus describes the method of instruction used by that Macadamizer of the rough road to learning called the

University Coach.

The teaching of the "coach" being intended only to "get his men through" the examinations, he takes the shortest and easiest cuts to knowledge. He is very fond of mnemonics and *memoria technica*. Present, for instance, a four-in-hand, Dullson, Thickhed, Block, and Stone, fast youths coaching for "greats."

"Now then, Dullson," begins the Rev. Billy Driver, the well-known fast coach; "give me the Seven Churches."

Dullson looks down, wags his head slowly, and whistles low, to console himself.

"Confound you, Dullson, you'll be sure to go a mucker. Now, Block, you ought to know them."

Block begins rapidly, "Thessaly, Salamis, Ephesus—"

"Oh! oh! oh!" shrieks Driver, frantically. "Stone, you try."

Stone can only remember Philadelphia.

"Well, that's right for one; but now haven't I told you all, over and over again, that the Seven Churches are Pelt Puss? Can't you remember the cat? Oh! I wish she would scratch all your faces well; you'd remember then. Now then, Pelt Puss; what's the P, Thickhed?"

"Philippi," says he at once, thinking rapidity better than correctness.

"No! no! no! Philippi ain't in Asia. Block?"

"Philadelphia."

"Of course. Now then, the E for Ephesus; L for Laodicea; T for Thyatira; the other P for Pergamos. Now, Dullson, what does the U stand for?"

This puzzler goes round to no purpose, the boys in vain trying to remember a name beginning with U. At last Block suggests Eunice, which raises a great laugh. "Eunice for U. Ha! ha! ha!"

"For my part," says Thickhed, "I never saw a Greek word beginning with U."

"O Lord! Yes, there's Ulysses and Unicorn," says Stone, with a look of self-congratulation.

"Unicorn, Greek!" mutters Mr. Driver. "Heigh-ho! Now, boys, what's the U? Come, sharp!"

"Oh! I know!" cries little Block, suddenly. "It means united—the United Churches of Asia Minor—the whole boiling of them. Ain't that it?"

"Oh, worst of donkeys!" groans Mr. Driver; what if it stands for a jackass? I'm sure that's very like *you*."

"Ha! ha! ha!" all round at Block.

"No, boys; *U* is put in to make up the mnemonic."

—It is an English divine who relates the following quaint incident. There is much less theology in many a thick octavo than in

Poor Biddy's Dream.

Mrs. Rural was in the habit of attending the sick-beds of Roman Catholics as well as Protestants, and obtained admission where I would not have been received. No controversial tract peeped out of the corner of her reticule. No other book did she read than one—the New Testament. She had on one occasion been reading with a poor old woman, a Romanist. Shortly before her death the old woman told my wife that she had had a beautiful dream: Shure, she was in a lovely church, that the chapel couldn't hold a candle to; and it had a great altar, all shining with gold and jewels, and sorrow a candle was there on it, but a light far beyond the sun. And there were people in white robes, playing upon goulden harps, and singing *psalms*, that made her cry with joy. And then, as she looked, the altar turned into a throne; and the blessed Saviour was seated on it—not cold, and with white lips, and bleeding, and crowned with thorns, as she seen him on the big cross in the chapel. No! but glorious, and sweet, and beautiful. And He looked at her, and said, quite plain, "Come to me! Come to me!" And on she walked up to the altar rails. But up came a priest, and he said, roughly, "You won't pass here till I let you." And up came the Holy Virgin; and she said, mildly, "I'm sorry for you, but I fear you're not fit for it." And up came a blessed angel; and he said, with his voice thrembling, as if he was crying, "I'm sorry for you, poor woman, but you're not fit to pass, and I can't help you." And her heart went up to the top of her throat. But the Lord Himself came down from the throne. With his own hand He opened the gate, and said, "Come in here, poor sinner." And then all the harpers to their harping, and all the singers to the singing—and she awoke.

—In old times Christian or Baptismal names had each a distinct meaning; and when parents named their children, they, in a manner, gave them with the names the characters which these represented in the popular esteem. Thus, of

Ladies' Names,

Mary, Maria, Marie (French), signify exalted. According to some, Mary means lady of the sea. Martha, interpreted, is bitterness; Isabel signifies lovely; Julia and Juliet, soft-haired; Gertrude, all truth; Eleanor, all fruitful; Ellen—originally the Greek Helen—signifies alluring, though, according to the Greek authors, it means one who pities. The interpretation of Caroline is regal; that of Charlotte, is a queen; Elizabeth and Eliza signify true; Clara, bright, or clear-eyed; Agnes, chaste; Amanda, amiable; Laura, laurel; Edith, joyous; Olivia, peace; Phœbe-light of life; Grace, favor; Sarah, or Sally, a princess; Sophia, wisdom; Amelia, Amy, beloved; Matilda, a noble maid; Pauline, little one; Margaret, a pearl; Rebecca, plump; Hannah, Anne, Ann, and Nancy, all of which are of the same original name, interpreted, mean grace or kind. Jane signifies dignity; Ida, the morning star; Lucy, brightness of aspect; Louisa, or Louise, one who protects; Emma, tender; Catherine, pure; Frances, or Fanny, frank or free; Lydia, severe; Minerva, chaste.

—Here are some tender lines, suggested by a

Poet's Wash-bill:

The human heart is like a shirt
Affliction puts in tubs of trial,
Then seeks to pound out all the dirt
By hardest knocks of tough denial.

Sprinkled with patience, starch'd with hope,
It meekly bears the iron's heat,
While puts the good dame, queen of soap,
That polish on which "can't be beat."

With spots and stains no longer dark,
All buttons on, and neatly mended;
Yet no more new—the *laundry mark*
Sticks to it till the life is ended.

—The late Mr. Justice Maule was a wit; and every body knows that

Legal Wit

is the best. Here are some of the stories related of him:

"May —— strike me dead, my lord, if I did it!" exclaims a convicted prisoner, on the announcement of the verdict. For a marked space the Judge sits in the attitude of expectation, jury and spectators wondering what next. At last he breaks the silence: "As Providence has not seen fit to interpose, the sentence of this court is," etc.

A city policeman states that he is in the "*hens*" [N division]. "Do you mean the *poultry?*" inquires the Judge.

"Out with it; the ladies don't mind it, and you needn't be afraid of me," was his exhortation to a hesitating witness, in a case from which it might have been expected that the softer sex would long since have retired, but which they were manfully sitting out, while the evidence grew hotter and hotter, and had at last reached its climax.

His reason for drinking beer—assigned while at the bar to one of his professional brethren, who had proposed a glass of sherry as an accompaniment to the lunch they were taking, while waiting for the turn of a cause in which they were both engaged—was, that he found it the only way to bring his mind down to the level of the judges.

Random Readings

from the best authors.

Dr. Franklin says, Pride is as cruel a beggar as want, and a great deal more saucy. When you have bought one fine thing you must buy ten more, that your appearance may be all of a piece. It is easier to suppress the first desire than to satisfy all that follow it.

Plutarch speaks of the long white beard of an old Laconian, who, being asked why he let it grow to such a length, replied, "It is, that having my white beard continually before my eyes, I may do nothing unworthy of its whiteness."

Bulwer says, pertinently: A cat, even if she be friendly, never approaches thee by a direct course. No more does the truth, oh friend; but winding round thy stupidities, and rubbing up against thy prejudices, it reaches thee gently, and then, perhaps, scratches.

An educated man, says Carlyle, stands, as it were, in the midst of a boundless arsenal and magazine, filled with all the weapons and engines which man's skill has been able to devise from the earliest time; and he works, accordingly, with a strength borrowed from all past ages. How different is his state who stands on the outside of that store-house, and feels that its gates must be stormed, or remain forever shut against him! His means are the commonest and rudest; the mere work done is no measure of his strength. A dwarf behind his steam-engine may remove mountains; but no dwarf will hew them down with the pickaxe; and he must be a Titan that hurls them abroad with his arms.

Idleness travels very leisurely, and poverty soon overtakes her.

Bacon says, beautifully, "He that robs in darkness breaks God's lock." How fine that is!

Affections, like the conscience, are rather to be led than driven; and, it is to be feared, they that marry where they do not love will love where they do not marry.—*Fuller.*

What is earthly happiness? That phantom of which we hear so much and see so little; whose promises are constantly given and constantly broken, but as constantly believed; that cheats us with the sound instead of the substance, and with the blossom instead of the fruit.—*Colton.*

You may rise early, go to bed late, study hard, read much, and devour the marrow of the best authors, and yet be as meagre in regard of true and useful knowledge as Pharoah's lean kine after they had eaten the fat ones.—*Bishop Sanderson.*

Hardness, says Sydney Smith, is a want of minute attention to the feelings of others: it does not proceed from malignity or a carelessness of inflicting pain, but from a want of delicate perception of those little things by which pleasure is conferred or pain excited. A hard person thinks he has done enough if he does not speak ill of your relations, your children, or your country; and then, with the greatest good-humor and volubility, and with a total inattention to your individual state and position, gallops over a thousand fine feelings, and leaves in every step the mark of his hoof upon your heart.

Let a man but speak forth with genuine earnestness the thought, the emotion, the actual condition of his own heart, and other men—so strangely are we all knit together by the tie of sympathy—must and will give heed to him. In culture, in extent of view, we may stand above the speaker or below him; but in either case his words, if they are earnest and sincere, will find some response within us; for, in spite of all casual varieties in outward rank or inward, as face answers to face, so does the heart of man to man.—*Carlyle.*

Ladies who use an excess of perfume must think men like seals—most assailable at the nose.

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

Logic.—A dog coming open-mouthed at a sergeant on the march, he ran the spear of his halbert into his throat and killed him. The owner coming out, raved extremely that his dog was killed, and asked the sergeant why he could not as well have struck at him with the blunt end of the halbert. "So I would," said he, "if he had run at me with his tail."

Presto Amoroso.—A gentleman was one day arranging music for a young lady to whom he was paying his addresses. "Pray, Miss D.," said he, "what time do you prefer?" "Oh," she replied, carelessly, "any time will do; but the quicker the better."

During the first settlement of the town of Crawfordville, Georgia, the native place of Alexander H. Stephens, a leading member of the present Congress, the Commissioners passed an ordinance prohibiting any *juggler* from operating within the corporate limits without the payment of a certain license. Before many days the Marshal presented to the Honorable Board of Commissioners a *juggler* who had refused to pay his license. When asked how he *knew* him to be a juggler, he replied, "*Why, he's got a cart-load of jugs right down here now!*"

The distinction between liking and loving was well made by a little girl, six years old. She was eating something at breakfast which she seemed to relish very much.

"Do you love it?" asked her aunt.

"No," replied the child, with a look of disgust; "I *like* it. If I *loved* it, I should *kiss it*."

Here is an epitaph from a tombstone in Dunlap's Creek burying-ground, Fayette County, Pennsylvania:

JOHN MURRAY,
Aged 45 years. Died 1794.
My day is done, my glass is run,
My resting-place is here;
This stone was got to save the spot,
Lest men should dig too near.

An entire Chinese regiment has been sentenced to wear women's clothes for five years for abandoning an untenable fort during the recent attack upon Canton by the French and English forces.

A Boston paper, published almost one hundred years ago, contains the following advertisement:

"Brought from Havana, a box of Cigerros, a very rare article. The best of tobacco rolled up to the size of a small Finger, and of about five inches in length, for smoking. They are preferred by the Spanish Dons to the Pipe. Those who may wish to enjoy such a Luxury, will please call and try them.

"William Stockton."

A man in Norwich, Connecticut, who not long ago lost a beloved wife, was recently detected digging away with melancholy industry at her grave. His sympathizing friends rushed to him in an agony of conviction that he was about to commit suicide on her coffin. They finally discovered, by questioning him, that he was only desirous of securing the gold on a set of artificial teeth which had been interred with the corpse!

A youth who desired to wear the matrimonial yoke had not sufficient courage to "pop the question." On informing his father of the difficulty he labored under, the old man replied, quite passionately,

"Why, you booby, how do you suppose *I* managed when *I* got married?"

"Oh, yes!" said the promising lover, "you married *mother*, but I've got to marry a *strange* girl!"

An old Scotch tailor happened to have a helpmate of a very peevish and querulous turn in her temper.

"I'm gaun to dee, Andrew," said the wife.

"Are ye?" replied the tailor, as coolly as if he had been trying the temper of his goose.

"Are ye! Is that the way you speak when I'm telling you that I'm gaun to leave you forever? Ye're no to lay my banes here amang the riff-raff o' Linlithgow, but tak' them to Whitburn, and lay them beside my father and mother."

Andrew, esteeming a promise made to a person on the verge of time as sacred, and not wishing to put himself to the expense (which, indeed, he could ill afford), waved giving any answer, but led on a different conversation.

"Do you hear, Andrew?"

"Oh yes, I hear."

"Weel, mind what I'm saying: tak' me to Whitburn, or I'll rise and trouble ye night and day. Do you hear?"

"Yes, yes, I hear perfectly. Is that pain in your side troubling ye yet?"

"Ou ay! I'm a' pain thegither; but the maist pain to me is, that you'll lay my dust here."

"Oh woman, dinna distress yoursel' about that simple circumstance."

"Mind, I'll no lie here; ye maun tak' me to Whitburn; I'll trouble ye if ye dinna, and ye may depend on't."

"Weel, weel, then, if ye maun be buried at Whitburn I canno help it; but we'll try it at Linlithgow first."

A lady asked a veteran which rifle carried the maximum distance? The old chap answered, "The Minnié, mum."

An old toper was overheard, the other day, advising a young man to get married—"Because then, my boy, you'll have somebody to pull off your boots when you come home drunk."

The power of strong drink was forcibly illustrated at one of the Pittsfield saloons the other day. It seems that a certain old soaker had been building a "bob-sled" for the proprietor, and wetting his whistle pretty freely at the bar, "on account," as the work went on. At last the bar-keeper remarked:

"What, ——, you here again? Why, you have drank that sled all up except the pole, now!"

The customer wasn't taken aback for a moment, but leaning resolutely over the bar, exclaimed:

"Well, look a here, old feller, give us the pole, will yer?"

And the pole was swallowed.

The following colloquy took place between Counselor Sealingwax and a witness who "would talk back:"

"Do I understand you to say, Sir, that the prisoner is a thief?"

"Yes, Sir. 'Cause why—she confessed she was."

"And you also swear she worked for you after this confession?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Then we are to understand that you employ dishonest people to work for you, even after their rascalities are confessed to you?"

"Of course; how else would I get assistance from a lawyer?"

What are another's faults to me;
I've not a vulture's bill
To peck at every flaw I see,
And make it wider still.

It is enough for me to know
I've follies of my own,
And on my heart the care bestow,
And let my friends alone.

In the early part of the American War Franklin went to Paris, in hopes of obtaining pecuniary resources from France. For some time he was unsuccessful, and being present at a large party, a gentleman observed,

"It must be owned, Sir, that America now exhibits to us a grand and magnificent spectacle!"

"True," replied the doctor, dryly; "but the spectators do not pay!"

Talking the other night of a mutual friend whose love of beer had accelerated his death, Titmarsh said, "Ah, Sir, he was a man; take him for half-and-half, we shall not look upon his like again."

Dr. Hall, in his advice to consumptive patients, says: "If you want to get well, go in for *beef and out-door air.*"

We shall be glad to know how a man is to get "out-door air" by "going in."

Trip lightly over sorrow;
Though this day may be dark,
The sun may shine to-morrow,
And gayly sing the lark.

Fair Hope has not departed,
Though roses may have fled:
Then never be down-hearted,
But look for joy instead.

A man named Powen, residing near Cincinnati, was called upon by the assessor and requested to state his property for taxation, when he denied that he had any money laid up or any credits. Two nights afterward, however, his house was entered by burglars, and robbed of twenty-five hundred dollars in gold and silver. The fact coming to the knowledge of the assessor, he put the amount on the tax duplicate; so that the old man not only lost it, but will have the tax assessed upon it to pay besides.

A Yorkshireman, on a railway platform, had Baron Macaulay pointed out to his notice; and, upon its being explained to him that the Baron was an author, who was formerly known as Mr. Macaulay, he thus gave vent to his astonishment: "That's Measter Micowley, the author, is it now? Weel I awla's thought they look'd pale and seedy loik, and ow't at elbows, ye noa; but that chap's gout a hat, and he's so weel dress'd too—dang it, I shud ne'er ta'en him for an owther!" [Stares at him quite bewildered, until the train goes out of sight.]

An Irishman was about to marry a Southern girl for her property. "Will you take this woman to be your wedded wife?" said the minister. "Yes, your riverence, and the *nagers* too," said Pat.

Years ago there lived in Worcester County, Massachusetts, an old fellow, apparently crazy, though still always ready with an answer—a sort of a traveling beggar. He was going his rounds one day, bedecked with many-colored gewgaws and finery, when he was accosted by a Mr. Brown with, "Holloa, Grimes, what artillery do you belong to?" He replied, "The artillery of Heaven, and there isn't a Brown on the roll!"

A blind man is a poor man,
And blind a poor man is;
For the former seeth no man,
And the latter no man sees.

SONG OF THE BELL.

When mirth and joy are on the wing—I ring.
To call the folks to church in time—I chime.
When from the body parts the soul—I toll!

A man who lighted his cigar with a ballad and had a headache the next day, said he had a singing in his head, and thought it must be the ballad.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Monday, June* 14, 1858.

THE foreign trade of the port for the past week compares as follows with that of the corresponding week last year:

	Imports.	Exports.
Week ending June 12, 1858	$2,220,582	$1,338,152
Corresponding week, 1857	4,035,872	938,102
Decrease	$1,815,290	
Increase		$400,050

The following table shows the movement for the year up to date:

	Imports.	Exports.
Week ending June 12, 1858	$2,220,582	$1,338,152
From Jan. 1 to June 5	52,280,850	24,750,680
Total for the year	54,501,432	26,088,832
To same date last year	108,304,031	32,690,027
Decline this year	53,802,599	6,601,195

In examining the export table, care must be taken to make due allowance for the low rates now current for many staple exports. It is believed that in quantity, the exports this year are as heavy as last.

The specie movement during the week was an export of $16,615, and a receipt from California of a million and a half. As, however, large parcels of specie have gone South during the week, it is likely that the Bank statement this evening will show a falling off.

There is no change to report in the rates for money. Exchange is dull at somewhat lower rates.

The course of the Stock Market throughout the week has been irregular. From Monday to Thursday there was a regular decline, amounting on the last-named day to a panic. But several large holders having been induced to sell, the market rallied, and closed on Saturday 2 @ 3 per cent. better than the lowest sales. The following table shows the fluctuation:

New York Central	83¾@79¼@82
New York and Erie	17¾@15¼@17½
Reading	43¾@39½@42½
Rock Island	73@71½@72½
Michigan Southern	21¾@20@22¾
Preferred	44@41@43½
Illinois Central	88@84@85
Panama	107¾@108@109½
Pacific Mail	73@72@75½
Hudson	28½@25½@26¾
Galena	85½@83½@85
Missouris	84½@85@86
Virginias	93½@94@97
Tennessees	90½@91@94
La Crosse Land Grants	31½@30½@33
Toledo	34¾@32½@34¾
Milwaukee and Mississippi	25½@17½@21¾
La Crosse	5¾@6¼@6¼
Delaware and Hudson	102½@97½@98½

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Monday, June* 14, 1858.

THE Wholesale Produce Markets have been for the most part well supplied with Flour, Wheat, and Corn, each of which commodities have been in good request at, however, somewhat irregular prices. Oats have been less sought after at drooping rates. Only one small lot (60 bushels) of the new crop of Wheat has, so far, arrived here. It came by the steamer on Monday, from Savannah. It was a very fine lot. It was sold in this market, by sample, on Monday, at $1 60 per bushel, to a local miller. Last year the first lot of New Wheat was received and sold here, June 24, at $2 50 per bushel, for 100 bushels fair quality White Georgia. Later in the week, on Saturday, a lot of New Flour, of very choice quality, from the Platt Mills, St. Louis, was sold at $8 00 per barrel. It was the first lot of New Flour received from the West this season....Cotton has been very quiet and languid....Hog products were plentier and cheaper, with a fair inquiry. Beef was in good request at full rates. Butter and Cheese were abundant and depressed. Coffee was moderately dealt in, while Teas and Sugars attracted considerable attention at former quotations....Hay was freely offered and purchased at unchanged figures....Hemp and Grass Seeds were inactive....Hops and Rice opened with a good inquiry, but closed tamely....Hides and Leather were in active request, the latter at somewhat easier prices....Naval Stores were more sought after at improved quotations....Tobacco was salable and firm....A moderate inquiry prevailed for Wool at full rates. Stocks light. The New Clip will soon appear. Many buyers are purchasing it in the interior, thereby lessening the demand for Old Wool in the seaboard Markets....The retail trade in Dry Goods is quite vigorous, otherwise the movements are generally unimportant. Silks are very firm, Cottons are less so, while Linens and Woolens are depressed. The week's imports of Dry Goods amounted to $407,855 against $946,984 the corresponding week in 1857. The imports since the 1st of January have been $20,177,469 against $43,029,570, same time in 1857. The movements in other commodities were moderate, and unproductive of any remarkable alterations....We append a revised list of the closing quotations for the leading articles:

Ordinary to extra State Flour, per bbl.	$3 75	@	$4 10
Superfine to fancy Western do. "	3 75	@	4 10
Extra Western Flour, per barrel	4 00	@	7 00
Fancy to extra Genesee, per barrel	4 15	@	6 50
Super to Extra Canadian, per barrel	4 10	@	5 20
Mixed to Extra Southern, per barrel	4 85	@	7 50
Fine to Superfine Rye Flour, per bbl.	3 00	@	3 40
Corn Meal, per barrel	3 30	@	3 85
White Wheat, per bushel	1 00	@	1 35
Red Wheat, per bushel	80	@	1 10
Corn, per bushel	68	@	78
Rye, per bushel	68	@	70
Barley, per bushel	50	@	60
Western Oats, per bushel	45	@	46
State Oats, per bushel	43	@	45
Jersey and Penn. Oats, per bushel	39	@	43
Southern Oats, per bushel	34	@	40
Cotton, middlings, per pound	11¾	@	12
Mess Pork, per barrel	16 95	@	17 00
Prime Pork, per barrel	14 00	@	—
Country Mess Beef, per barrel	10 75	@	11 50
Prime Mess Beef, per tierce	19 00	@	22 00
Beef Hams, per barrel	15 00	@	17 50
Cut Meats, per pound	6	@	8½
Lard, per pound	10¾	@	11¼
State Butter, per pound	13	@	23
Western Butter, per pound	11	@	18
Cheese, per pound	4	@	8
Rice, per 100 pounds	3 00	@	3 75
Rio Coffee, per pound	9¾	@	11¼
Cuba Sugar, per pound	4½	@	7½
Cuba Molasses, per gallon	22	@	28
New Orleans Sugar, per pound	5	@	7½
New Orleans Molasses, per gallon	36	@	37
Hyson Teas, per pound	27	@	55
Oolong Teas, per pound	27	@	60
Domestic Whisky, per gallon	—	@	22
Bale Hay, per 100 pounds	40	@	70
Hops, Crop of 1857, per pound	4	@	7
Crude Turpentine, per 280 pounds	3 87½	@	—
Spirits Turpentine, per gallon	50	@	—
Common Rosin, per 310 pounds	1 47½	@	1 52½
American Fleece Wool, per pound	28	@	45
" Pulled Wool	25	@	38
Kentucky Tobacco	6¼	@	15
Seed Leaf Tobacco	9	@	35
Live Geese Feathers, per pound	40	@	50
Tallow, per pound	10	@	10¼
Ashes, per 100 pounds	6 00	@	—
Prime Buenos Ayres Hides, per pound	25	@	—
Hemlock tanned Sole Leather, per lb.	21	@	25½
Oak tanned Sole Leather per pound	24	@	34

Freights opened heavily, but subsequently improved a shade. For Liverpool—Cotton, 7-32d. @ ¼d. per pound; Flour, 1s. 6d. @ 1s. 7½d. per barrel; Grain, 6d. @ 6½d. per bushel; Rosin, 1s. 9d. @ 2s. per barrel; Beef, 3s. 6d. @ 4s. per tierce; and Heavy Goods, 20s. @ 25s. per ton. For other ports proportionate rates. The total number of vessels of all classes in port on Saturday was 769.

There is less demand for seamen. The prevailing range of wages is as follows:

	Wages.	Advance.
To Liverpool per month	$16	$18
To London	15	16
To Havre	15	16
To North of Europe	15	16
To Mediterranean	13	13
To South America	14	14
To West Indies	13	13
To East Indies and California	12	24
To New Orleans	16	10 @ 16
Coasting	16	18

The Live Stock Markets last Wednesday exhibited more firmness for Beeves, owing to the diminished receipts. The demand, however, was not brisk....No improvement occurred in the trade in Milch Cows....Veal Calves were plenty and heavy....Sheep were more freely offered than they were needed, and prices declined ....Swine were in slack request at easier rates....The reported receipts of Live Stock during each of the last two weeks compares as follows:

	Week ending *June* 2.	Week ending *June* 9.
Beeves	3,574	2,806
Milch Cows	114	111
Veal Calves	787	1,080
Sheep and Lambs	5,480	6,638
Swine	5,750	8,655

Of the Forty-fourth Street Market supply of Beeves last Wednesday there were received from

Illinois	1199	Kentucky	119
Ohio	634	New Jersey	42
Indiana	247	Pennsylvania	19
New York	161		

The range of prices according to the actual sales of Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday was as follows:

Poor to premium Beeves, per pound	$ 7½	@	$ 10
Common to ex. Milch Cows, per head	20 00	@	60 00
Veal Calves, per pound	3½	@	6½
Sheep and Lambs, per head	2 50	@	8 00
" " per pound	4½	@	8
Live Swine, per pound	4	@	4¾
Dressed " "	5	@	6½
Roasting Pigs, each	1 00	@	2 00

The Country Produce Markets were pretty active during the week. With warm weather, most kinds of Vegetables have arrived more freely, and have declined. The leading varieties have been in fair demand. Green Peas from the neighborhood of Burlington, N. J., have superseded those from the South. Cauliflowers are coming in from Long Island. Strawberries from New Jersey, and Gooseberries and Cherries are decidedly more abundant, and are lower, with a good inquiry for them. Currants have appeared in small quantities. Butter and Cheese are more freely offered, and prices favor buyers. Eggs have not varied remarkably in supply, demand, or value. Poultry and Game remain as last noticed.

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

Apples, per barrel	$3 50	@	$5 00
Apples, dried, per pound	5	@	6½
Peaches, dried, per pound	—	@	20
Plums, dried, per pound	18	@	19
Peanuts, per bushel	60	@	1 25
Strawberries, new, per quart box	10	@	25
" per basket	3	@	8
Gooseberries, per bushel	2 00	@	2 25
Cherries, per pound	9	@	12
Currants, per quart	4	@	7
Beans, per bushel	1 10	@	1 75
Potatoes, old, per barrel	1 25	@	3 00
" new, per barrel	3 00	@	5 50
Onions, new, per barrel	4 00	@	4 50
Turnips, new, per 100 bunches	3 00	@	5 00
Beets, new, per dozen bunches	1 00	@	1 25
Cabbage, new, per 100	5 00	@	6 00
Watermelons, each	27	@	35
Asparagus, per dozen bunches	1 00	@	1 75
Cauliflowers, per dozen	1 50	@	4 00
Parsley, per 100 bunches	3 00	@	5 00
Lettuce, per 100 bunches	1 25	@	1 50
Radishes, per 100 bunches	50	@	65
Spinach, per barrel	50	@	65
Green Peas, per barrel	2 50	@	3 50
Eggs, per dozen	10	@	12½
Chickens, per pair	62½	@	1 25
Fowls, per pound	10	@	13
Fowls, per pair	62	@	1 00
Turkeys, per pound	12	@	16
Pigeons, per dozen	62	@	1 50
Woodcock, per dozen	2 50	@	3 00

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CHAPTER XXIX. Where it appears that Harry was not so black as he had been painted.

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